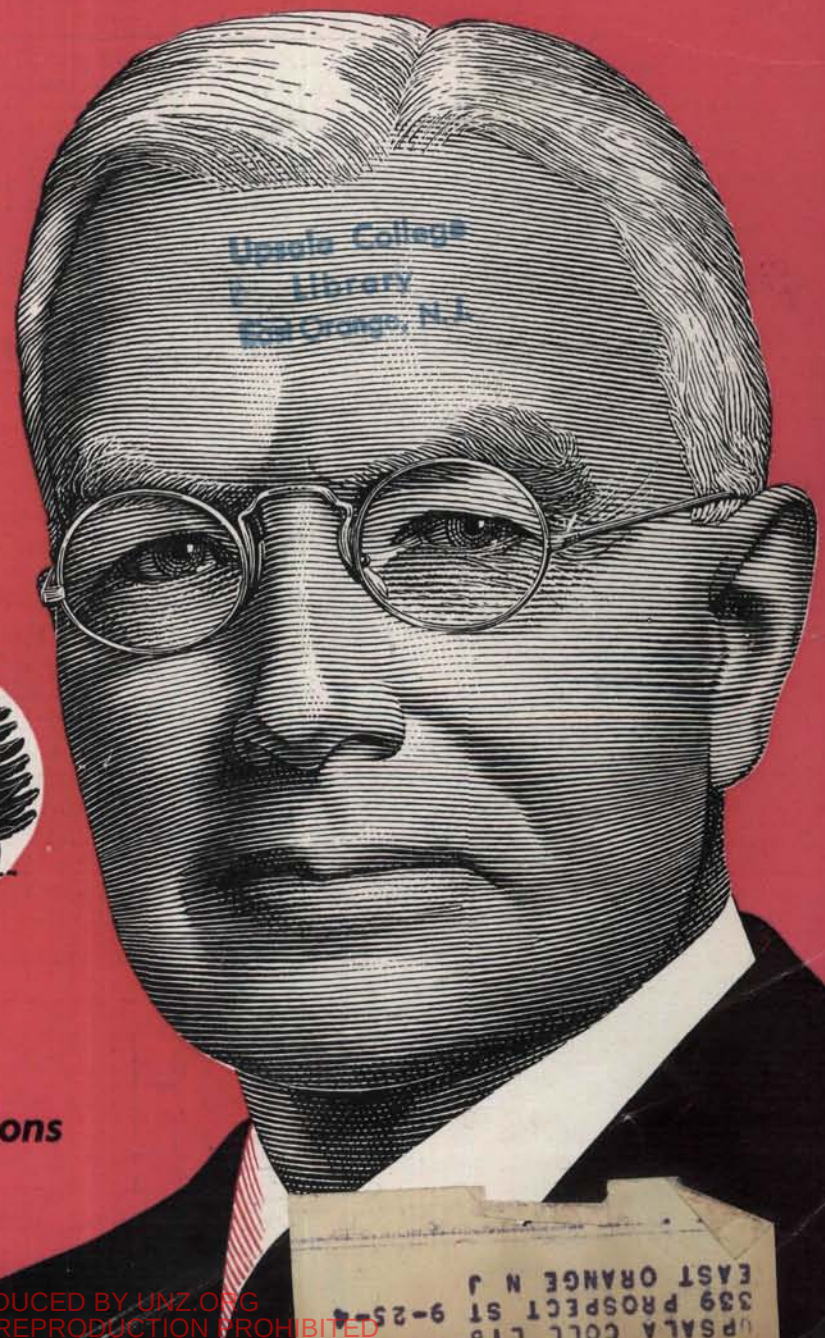
FROM HOBOKEN TO HOLLYWOOD WITH A BRITISH PROFESSOR

Saturday Review

APRIL 17, 1954 / 20¢

THIS IS THE U.S.A.—
Ideas for an American Vacation



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Millions for the Millions
By Bernard Kalb

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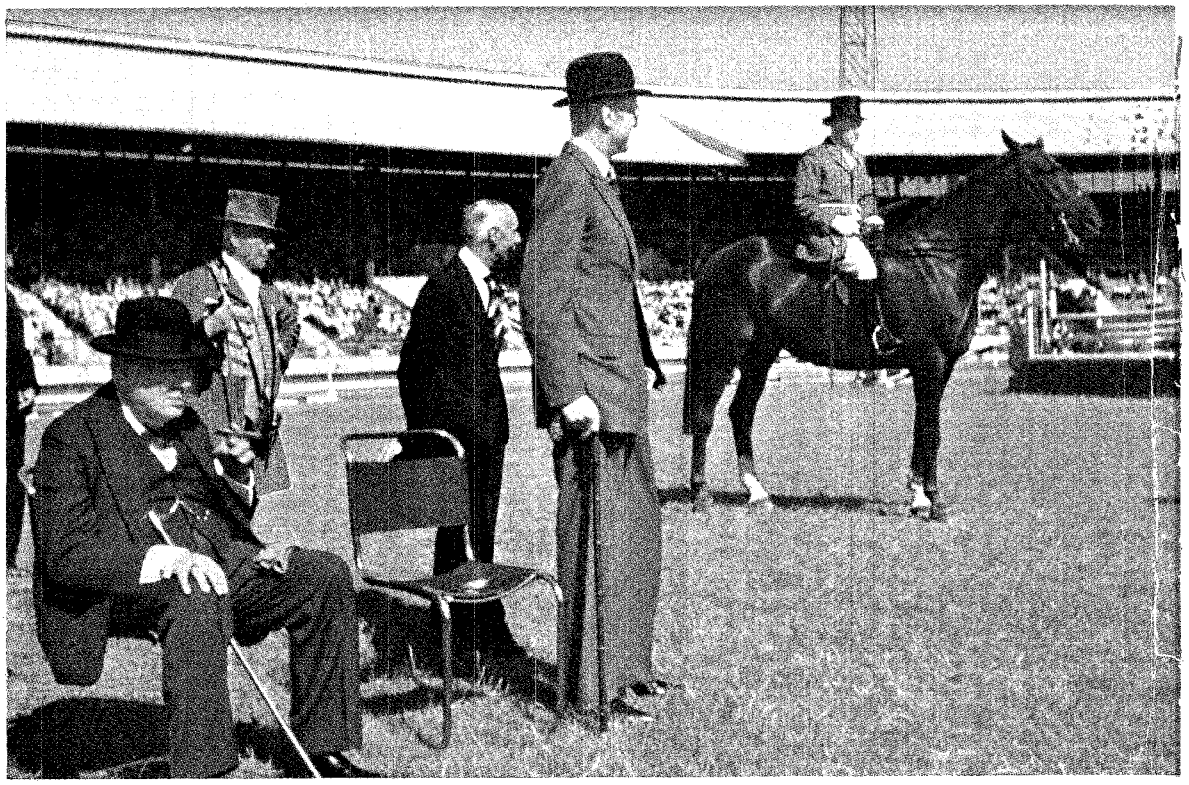
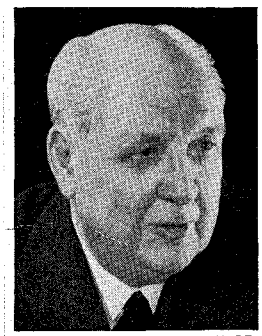


The Duke of Beaufort, K.G., judging hunters at the White City Stadium. Seated left: the Former Naval Person.

Planning a vacation in Europe?

Sir Alexander Maxwell explains why it is a good idea for you to start your trip in Britain—where there is no language barrier.



SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL

SIR ALEXANDER MAXWELL, ranking authority on British tourism, was recently asked to name Britain's greatest single attraction for American visitors. "The English language," replied Sir Alexander. "We have no monopoly on scenery or picturesque customs or foreign atmosphere. But Britain and Ireland are the only countries in Europe where the ordinary American can get off the beaten track and make friends *without using a dictionary*. He seems to feel *at home* with us. As a result, he enjoys himself more."

So start your trip in Britain. All the foreign flavor, the new sights and sensations are there. But the complications of struggling with a foreign language are miraculously removed. What's more, you'll find it easier to make the transition to British food. The cooking is more like your own—simple and straightforward. Food rationing is virtually at an end. You can get all the roast beef you want.

The first thing which strikes the American visitor to Britain is the miniature scale of everything. The fields are tiny—and greener than anything you are used to. The trains and automobiles look like toys. Cities are more like villages, nestling round their ancient cathedrals.

Britain is, in fact, a very small country—about the size of Wyoming. Nobody lives more than seventy-five miles from the sea. This means that you can see an astonishing variety of people and places in a very short time. Indeed, if you are really pressed for time, you can breakfast in the Welsh mountains, lunch at Oxford, have tea at Blenheim, and dine at Windsor. And the next morning you can wake up in Edinburgh.

You definitely get more for your money in Britain. Bed and a huge breakfast can cost you as little as $2.50, a full-course dinner about $1.00. Antiques are incredibly cheap. You can buy a tweed jacket for $17.00. Your round-trip ticket across the Atlantic needn't cost you more than $500.

If you go to Britain in this New Elizabethan Age, you'll be thrilled to find that the old British flair for pomp and circumstance is more brilliant than ever. The scarlet uniforms, the Royal processions, the dashing cavalry, the grandeur and the gaiety are back. (If you saw the Coronation on TV, you'll know how stirring these things can be.)

So ask your Travel Agent for a plan of campaign—and mail the coupon for free illustrated literature.

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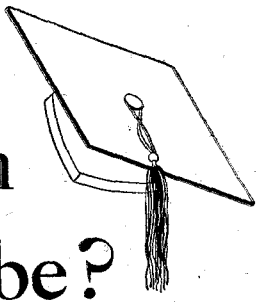
It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

How smart can machines be?



Back in the twenties there was a stage play about a factory that made mechanical men, who repaid their creators by trying to wreck civilization. The term "robot" has made people uneasy ever since.

How smart can a machine be? At General Electric we're beginning to find out. For some years now we've been working with machines that come startlingly close to duplicating the thought processes of men.

Can they outsmart men? The reassuring fact is just the opposite: they make men even smarter by taking over routine mental chores and freeing men for the creative thinking only human minds can encompass.

General Electric is using machines with "electronic brains" in engineering, accounting and management to speed our most important product, progress.

A jet engine used to be designed by trial and error. You had to build it first, or a costly model, to find out how it would work. Now, an electronic computer helps solve long and complex jet development problems in advance. In 15 minutes it goes through 8 million mathematical calculations and comes up with an answer that would take a mathematician 7 years. With "think machines," engineers can bring you new and better products quicker.

It used to take seven days to put together the payroll in one of our plants. Now an "electronic brain" gets rid of the drudgery and cuts the time to four hours.

In management, "hunch" is giving way to fact. Electronic data-processing machines can zip through head-spinning statistics on things like market changes, product design factors and income trends to come up with the answers General Electric managers need to make sound decisions, not hopeful guesses. Patterns emerge that make it possible to avoid errors. In time new light may be shed on the reasons for boom and bust. It looks like everyday living might catch up at last with our fantastic progress in science.

Machines that can read, write, do arithmetic, measure, feel, remember, now make it possible to take the load off men's minds, just as machines have eased the burden on our backs.

But these fantastic machines still depend on people to design and build and guide and use them. What they replace is drudgery—not people. Or General Electric wouldn't be so enthusiastic about them. Because it's people, with their hopes, desires and jobs, that we depend on for customers. Machines can't dream.

Don't worry; smart though they are, machines will never be as smart as people. Not while people are smart enough to think them up, smart enough to let them do man's drudging work.

Progress is our most important product

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SR's Library Poll

AT the top, among the inspirational pieces, medical novels, and tales of remote sexual adventure, *SR* rejoices to note this week Elmer Davis's "But We Were Born Free." Mr. Davis, who along with political savvy dispenses a good deal of Indiana acid, has here collected a menagerie of the isms—obscure, menacing, and preposterous—which prowl in our time, and has guillotined them one by one, in cold blood.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F) *
2. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G) **
4. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
5. **Seven Years in Tibet**
   by Heinrich Harrer (G)
6. **The Man Who Never Was**
   by Ewen Montagu (G)
7. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
8. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
9. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
10. **Ambassador's Report**
    by Chester Bowles (G)
11. **The Conquest of Everest**
    by John Hunt (G)
12. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
13. **The Second Tree from the Corner**
    by E. B. White (G)
14. **The Doctors**
    by André Soubiran (F)
15. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
16. **The Devil's Laughter**
    by Frank Yerby (F)
17. **Lélia**
    by André Maurois (G)
18. **The Female**
    by Paul Wellman (F)
19. **Rainbow on the Road**
    by Esther Forbes (F)
20. **From Here to Eternity**
    by James Jones (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 17, 1954

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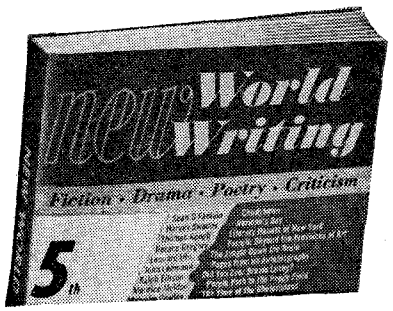
FIFTH BIRTHDAY



WHEN **NEW WORLD WRITING** burst on the literary scene in April, 1951, it was the first cross section of new contemporary writing from every section of the world to appear in the paperbound field in the United States. It won an immediate welcome from readers, writers and critics. Since then, it has appeared semi-annually. The 680,000 copies of the first five volumes present the work of 206 writers from 26 countries.

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An Irish miscellany, including a short story by Sean O'Faolain, a play by Maurice Meldon, a section from a novel by Samuel Beckett, one-time secretary to James Joyce, and a critical article about Beckett by Niall Montgomery; also a literary appraisal of James T. Farrell by Horace Gregory.

A section of poetry from United States and Brazil, edited by Richard Eberhart, with poems by William Carlos Williams, Robinson Jeffers, Kenneth Rexroth, the Brazilian Jorge de Lima, Richard Wilbur, and others.

A section of Arabic poetry, with illustrations by Jawad Salim.

A Welsh memoir, in the form of a short story by Dylan Thomas and the obituary on this late, lamented young writer, originally published in *The* [London] *Times.*

Short Stories and sections of novels from here and abroad. "First Published" work comes from Leonard Uhr, William Sylvester, Anna Maria Ortese—a new Italian writer, Clare McGrath Butler.

A Sampling from established men of letters: John Lehmann, Ralph Ellison, John Malcolm Brinnin, Malcolm Cowley.

"Literary haunts of New York," drawings by Tom Keogh.

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TRADE Winds

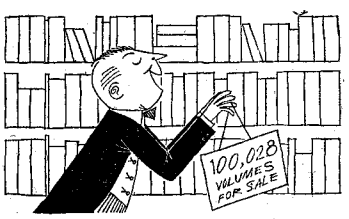
EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest column is by John T. Winterich, a contributing editor of* SR *and author of several books about books.*

BOOKS ROARED into the headlines the other day when Siegfried Weisberger, proprietor of the Peabody Bookshop of Baltimore, announced that he was going to abandon his calling and retire to his Maryland farm. He issued therewith a statement, sort of.

H. L. Mencken is an old crony and customer of Mr. Weisberger, and there was much of the old Mencken punch in what Mr. Weisberger had to say. The book business in America, he asserted, was on the rocks, and he blamed television, the book clubs, and "the age of the boob." It is not necessary to quote his jeremiad in detail; the wire services flung it from the Patuxent to Puget Sound, complete with pictures.

Edward R. Murrow used it as the text for a cogent survey of contemporary native book-readership. Mr. Murrow noted that Mr. Weisberger "has on his shelves 100,000 volumes which he declares nobody wants to read." That figure is not quite accurate—a declaration here made with considerable reluctance on the theory that Senator McCarthy might grab it and add it to his bill of particulars concerning Mr. Murrow. The correct figure was given to your correspondent by the man who has acquired Mr. Weisberger's stock, thereby considerably impugning Mr. Weisberger's own accuracy. For instead of nobody buying any of Mr. Weisberger's books, somebody has bought them all.

The snapper-up of these unconsidered trifles is William Kaplan, representing Gimbel Brothers of New York. Your correspondent, getting wind of the big deal, phoned Mr. Kaplan and asked him how many books were involved. Mr. Kaplan said 100,028. "Do



you mean," continued our exactitudinarian correspondent, "one-oh-oh-oh-two-eight?" "Precisely," confirmed Mr. Kaplan.

"The whole shebang will go on sale in April," he went on. "We're giving this the biggest and best promotion ever. And cheap? Why, even other dealers will be buying. This isn't the first time we've tackled a proposition like this. Four, five years ago we handled the Sherwood books—forty tons of them. Not nearly so much dead weight this time, but what books! Weisberger was right across from Johns Hopkins and there are thirty thousand medical books alone, none of them junk. Come down and look the stuff over—we supply the shovels."

BOOKS IN THE MASS are not an uncommon trade phenomenon. Lou Cohen of New York's Argosy Book Stores (500,000 items, including books, prints, maps, letters, manuscripts, and a few unmated rubbers) not long ago absorbed a library of only slightly less ample dimensions than the one Mr. Kaplan is taking on. Mr. Cohen's take was only 75,000 volumes—the collection of Dr. Benjamin Hart of Bridgeport, Connecticut. The Hart library occupied a house by itself in downtown Bridgeport—occupied it so thoroughly (every room, closet, bath, staircase) that the doctor and his wife had been shoved out into another residence. Mr. Cohen bought the books and began absorbing them into his 59th Street shop a station-wagonload at a time. It was a slow process.

Then Dr. Hart, well along in his seventies, died. His widow told Mr. Cohen she would have to put the downtown Bridgeport house on the market. Mr. Cohen, unable to do any more absorbing at the moment, bought the house, and absorbed at leisure.

This is only part of the story. In sorting the Bridgeport stock Mr. Cohen had discarded perhaps 20,000 books—just left them where they were. How, reader, would *you* get rid of 20,000 books you couldn't use? You can read all about it in Oriana Atkinson's "Manhattan and Me" (she is also the author of "Moscow and Me") which Bobbs-Merrill will publish April 30, and in which the fantastic adventures of Dr. Hart's library are set forth in comprehensive and engaging detail.

A LOT OF OCEAN has slapped the beach since the American Booksellers Association last held its annual convention in Atlantic City. The year was 1928, and the world couldn't have been righter. War and hard times had gone the way of the dinosaur and the dodo. Calvin Coolidge had already chosen

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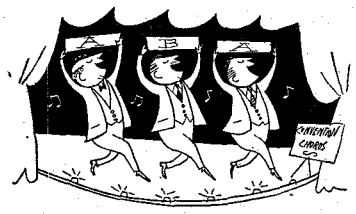
not to run for re-election—surely one of the shrewdest decisions a President of the United States ever made. The promised land had arrived.

Let us put up the house-lights momentarily and allow the scene-shifters to manhandle the awful interval. The curtain rises to disclose once again the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel, and the members of the ABA are lined up for the opening chorus. The date is June 1, 1954 (fair and warm, one trusts). Conductress Marion Bacon raises her baton, then flicks it earthward; the instruments throb and crash, and the chorus roars out the stirring strains of "Are subsidiary rights affecting the economics of present-day publishing?"



This year's ABA meeting will be stronger than ever on exhibits, and among them will be several of more than intramural interest. The Fifty Books of the Year selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts will be shown, and alongside them will be fifty books of fifty years ago. Same with today's and yesterday's book ads. Joe Duffy of the ABA secretariat is sure all the exhibits are going to be looked at. "Every delegate," he reports, "will have to pass every exhibit to get to every meeting and every meal." Couldn't give a thing any higher visibility than that.

THE BIGGEST newspaper play ever given a public library makes memorable a recent issue of the always admirable *Rhode Islander*, tabloid supplement of the *Providence Sunday Journal*. Eight of the twenty-four pages, illustrated with thirty-one photographs, are given over to Robert L. Wheeler's account of the history and present-day services of the Providence Public Library. News-peg was the just-dedicated $1,950,000 wing, a wing bigger than the parent bird hatched in 1900. *Dernier cri* facilities in the new wing include headphones for listening to music, study carrells, microfilm, projectograph, a smoking-room, and the easiest kind of chairs in the reading lounge.

The Rhode Islander's fine coverage must have brought out the customers in droves. What they saw, before they went in, was a great rectangle of a building with its walls flush with the sidewalk on three street sides, and windows which, when peered through, disclosed still earlier customers read-

France is absolutely different! No other place on earth offers you such rich and varied travel experience: the gaiety and fun of French theatres, night clubs and resorts—the pageantry of the Provinces—the inspiring grandeur of castles and cathedrals. French cuisine is unsurpassable—French wines, incomparable—a trip to France, unforgettable. Let your travel agent plan your trip today. For booklets and maps, write: Dept. T-8, Box 221, New York 10, N.Y.

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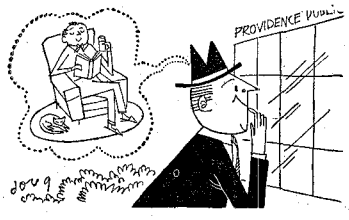
ing just a few feet away. One looked in vain for slippers, a highball, and a curled-up cat, but one looked for them.

During its seventy-six years' existence, Providence Public Library has had only two librarians: William E. Foster, who resigned in 1930 after fifty-two years' service, and Clarence E. Sherman, who succeeded Mr. Foster in 1930. Mr. Sherman is not only a top-notch librarian but a sound



public relator. The new wing is at the corner of Washington and Empire Streets, and Mr. Sherman has persuaded the city fathers to christen the crossing Public Library Square.

Economic addendum: Not every commodity or service has advanced in price over the past half century. One service has not only not advanced, but has declined 50 per cent. Library overdue fines used to be two cents a day. Now, in most places, they are one cent.

FRANK R. DERRY, advertisement (correct) director of the London *Times Literary Supplement* and *Times Educational Supplement*, is in the United States on his lawful occasions; to wit, the promotion of an all-American issue which the *TLS* will put out on September 17. (That will be a Friday —unusual as the issue date for a weekly, but what's the odds so long as it appears regularly?)

Though it calls itself a supplement, actually the *TLS* is not that at all. It isn't folded into the regular Friday issue of the *Times*, but comes out as unaccompanied and independent as (if you will allow the comparison) the periodical you are now scanning with such purposeful avidity.

Mr. Derry has been with the *Times* organization for twenty-two years, with time out for service as a navi-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1046)

EWEN MONTAGU:
(THE) MAN WHO NEVER WAS

As we drove out . . . we caught sight of a queue waiting to see a spy film. The thought flashed into our minds: What would those people think if we were to stop and say to them: "Don't bother about the film. We can tell you a much better story —and ours is true."

The *Saturday Review* compares this "whispery, off-beat" ghost story by

BURGESS DRAKE

with Robert Nathan and Ray Bradbury

CHILDREN OF THE WIND

is a tale of two elusively alive children, denied life before birth. Through the hush of the great house they go, hand in hand, unseen by any, yet felt by all.

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—*Saturday Review*

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gator in the RAF Bomber Command. His father, the late Frank Derry, was associated for more than half a century with the publicity departments of British transatlantic steamship lines, and for much of that period was a virtual commuter between America and home. This is his son's first trip to these shores. He flew.

MAY 11 WILL mark the centennial of a man to whom everybody who can and does read is deeply in debt. Born in Germany, Ottmar Mergenthaler came to America in 1872 when he was eighteen years old in order to avoid military service (Bismarck had recently been giving the troops considerable field work). For the next few years young Mergenthaler, who had been a clockmaker's apprentice, devoted his talents to the scientific instrument field, and much of his work was for the United States Signal Service in Washington. (He appears to have escaped Senatorial investigation.)

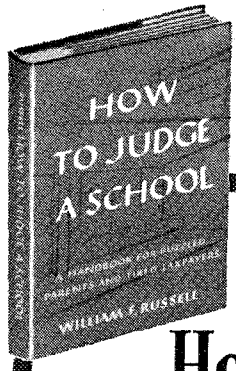
In 1876 he went to Baltimore, where among his early clients were a West Virginian named Charles Moore and a Washingtonian named James O. Clephane who were toying with a writing machine. With Mergenthaler's expert assistance, this apparatus managed to get born, but it was not a practical device, and it was not the forerunner of Mergenthaler's greatest achievement. Its chief claim to remembrance is that it did channel Mergenthaler's interest into the processes and mechanics of printing and thereby led to the invention of his "matrix making machine," for which he obtained his first patent in the summer of 1884. The *New York Tribune* for July 3, 1886, displayed the product of this machine to the public for the first time, and it was Whitelaw Reid, proprietor of the *Tribune*, who christened it the linotype.

Mergenthaler died of tuberculosis in 1899 at the age of forty-five, worn

out by his intensive application to the perfection of his invention. Before his death he had patented more than fifty improvements.

IF YOU ARE looking for further centenary involvements, set aside August 9, the day on which "Walden" first appeared in 1854.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.



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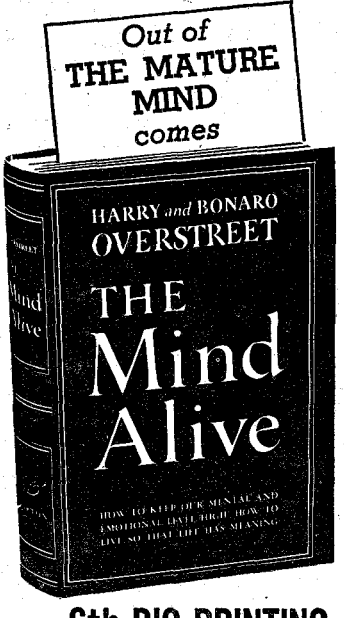

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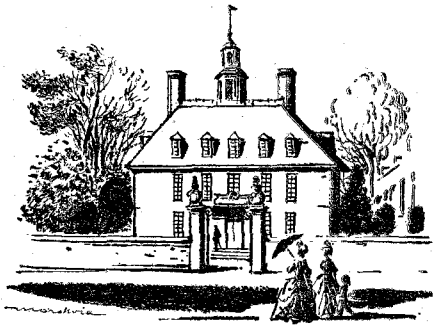
The Saturday Review
APRIL 17, 1954



MILLIONS FOR THE MILLIONS

The Lasting Gratification of Mr. Junior

By BERNARD KALB

Mr. Junior, or Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to be less familiar and more exact, dispenses his benefactions in a dozen directions, but repeatedly he has turned to the restoration and preservation of the nation's land and the nation's history, and it is these gifts that seem to give him the lasting gratification.

WITHOUT a doubt the most prodigious, most persistent, most publicized money-dispenser of our time has been John D. Rockefeller, Jr., much of whose time and energy have been spent trying to keep the country's scenic and historical inheritance intact, out of bounds to tree-choppers, hot-dog stands, and, in the case of Colonial Williamsburg, even the twentieth century.

While a spectacular quantity of Rockefeller cash has gone to support endowments in pursuit of peace, science, religion, and the public's culture, Mr. Junior, as he is often called by those trying to distinguish him from John D. Rockefeller, Sr., has turned repeatedly to projects which will restore fragments of the nation's heritage or preserve tracts of the nation's natural sights. Among other things he has helped create, expand, or protect are:

Colonial Williamsburg, Virginia,

Jackson Hole and Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming,

The Cloisters, a museum of medieval art, at Fort Tryon Park, New York,

A strip of more than ten miles of the Palisades, to serve in part as a kind of unspoiled backdrop of nature for the Cloisters, on the other side of the Hudson,

The redwoods of California, cathedral-like trees 2,000 years old,

The lofty sugar pines in the Yosemite,

Several of the country's twenty-six national parks—among them Acadia, Maine; Great Smoky Mountains, Tennessee-North Carolina; Shenandoah, Virginia; Yellowstone, Wyoming-Montana-Idaho,

Philipse Castle, a Dutch manor house built in 1683 and located in the Sleepy Hollow section of Tarrytown, New York.

The figure that continually turns up as the grand total of Mr. Junior's and Mr. Senior's largess is about $750,000,000. It has exceeded that, however. Mr. Senior amassed possibly the greatest personal fortune in American history in a career that was at once admired and condemned, and Mr. Junior, now eighty, has indefatigably given away chunks of it. The seven-hundred-fifty-million statistic first appeared in the Thirties, and a fresh batch of good deeds by Mr. Junior has made it obsolete. Moreover, Mr. Junior has five sons and a daughter, all of whom have avidly taken up the family hobby. Benefactions of two-, five-, or ten-million dollars apparently aren't worth the trouble of tabulation, yet. Their total givings, to date, have probably yielded a dividend of another seven-hundred-fifty-million dollars, the result being a

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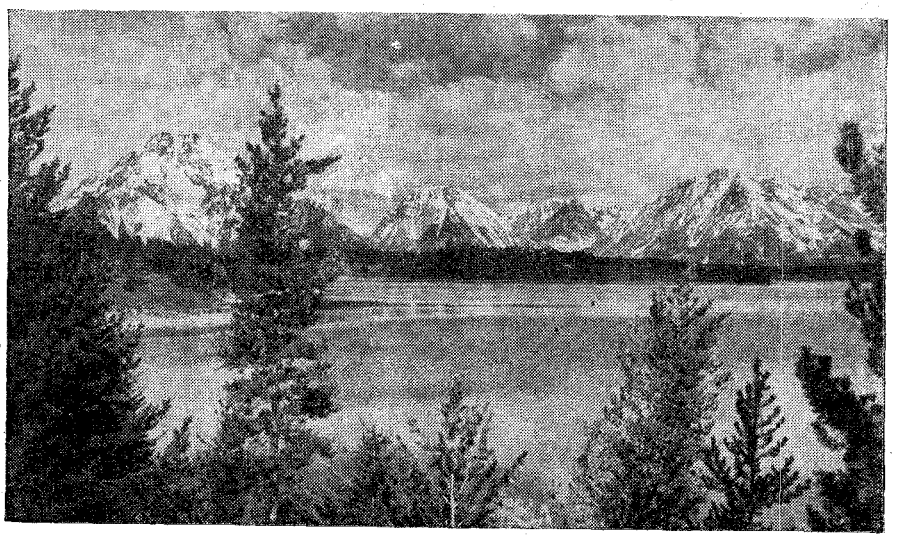

—*Ewing Galloway.*

The Grand Tetons—"a consuming taste for American landscape."

remarkable array of restorations and parks, scientific research and church projects, universities and institutes resting in part on a billion-and-a-half dollars' worth of Rockefeller foundation.

LIKE any self-respecting near-billionaire, Mr. Senior wasn't exactly a chatty type. Occasionally, however, he felt impelled to explain to curious, perhaps even suspicious, folk the rationale behind his bounty. In a chapter of his "Random Reminiscences of Men and Events" called "The Difficult Art of Giving," he says:

> As I study wealthy men, I can see but one way in which they can secure a real equivalent for money spent, and that is to cultivate a taste for giving where the money may produce an effect which will be a lasting gratification.

In scouting around for a lasting gratification of his own, Mr. Junior has displayed a consuming taste for American landscape. He can't get enough of it. A kind of *summa cum laude* graduate of the see-America-first school, he has come to regard the country's national parks with the same kind of devotion as a suburbanite has for his lawn.

Mr. Junior had his first dealings with parks during World War I when he began signing deeds left and right to plots of handsome, rocky terrain in Maine. Despite the opposition of summer residents, he lined his purchases with roads for automobiles and paths for horses, then turned the real estate over to Acadia, with 28,308 acres the fourth smallest of the country's national parks. His appetite whetted, Mr. Junior branched out cross-country when his antennae picked up the sound of saws biting through the redwoods of California. These trees, among the last survivors of prehistoric flora, were being felled by the hundreds in the Twenties. Mr. Junior stepped in, bought up groves of redwoods, presented them with his compliments to Humboldt State Park. The same year—1928—Mr. Junior, again aborting destruction, purchased 15,000 acres of sugar pines in the Yosemite. His pattern of helping nature survive in a saw-ridden, hostile environment was repeated frequently, but possibly his most ambitious project of park philanthropy may be found in the Jackson Hole area of Northwestern Wyoming.

Jackson Hole is spectacular. The superlatives aside, Jackson Hole consists of a valley of 400 square miles, framed by the matchless Teton Range. Grand Teton—at 13,766 feet the highest of the range's ten major peaks—rises six-thousand feet above a man standing on the valley floor.

One day about a quarter of a century ago Mr. Junior journeyed out West to show his boys Jackson Hole. They got a good look at it, all right, except that part of the panorama contained hot-dog stands, among other horrors. Mr. Junior likes his scenery straight, and he wondered out loud what he could do to put an end to such desecration. A line of advisors instantly formed to his right. Buy it, they whispered. He began buying. His buying precipitated a hullabaloo among the cattle ranchers, who weren't exactly keen about losing their grazing land. Mr. Junior was accused of being a land-grabber, a profiteer, and, worst of all, an Easterner. Things got so overheated in the snow-crested Tetons that Congress at last had to take an investigative look into the ruckus. Mr. Junior, of course, was absolved; indeed, one gentleman of the Senate even hazarded the opinion that Mr. Junior had acted in the public interest. That he certainly had was echoed years later by the then Secretary of the Interior, Oscar L. Chapman, when, in 1949, Mr. Junior turned over to the Government 33,562 acres of Teton-Jackson Hole land he had acquired during a quarter-century of buying. Mr. Chapman expressed the country's thanks with one of these speeches that begin: "This generation and its children's children . . ." Nowhere in the Rockefeller territory was there any aroma of mustard or sauerkraut.

As for the cattle ranchers, they are very, very happy *these* days. They are getting ready to graze tourists. The crowds of rubberneckers dropping in have been constantly rising; in 1953 alone 942,966 stopped by, representing an increase of 20 per cent over the previous year, the largest jump in any of the national parks. But even greater crowds are anticipated this season when a colony of cottages, with 260 rooms, opens July 1. It's part of a five-million dollar program to construct attractive tourist accommodations in the area. The money is Rockefeller money. Odds are that the cottages will run at a loss in view of the brief, two-month season; but should a profit materialize it will go right back into conservation.

As for Mr. Junior's proclivity for restoring the past, the best examples around are Colonial Williamsburg and New York's Cloisters. The converting of contemporary Williamsburg into its eighteenth-century self was, to quote *SR*'s travel reporter, "one of the greatest feats of restoration outside the salons of Helena Rubinstein." It began in 1926. Mr. Junior drove down one day to look over the town, then an architectural mishmash of colonial and modern. Its sky was blighted by telephone wires, its streets littered with gas stations, its lawns riddled with weeds. Altogether it was a far cry from colonial Williamsburg, once the political and cultural center of the largest of the colonies. The community was losing its colonial identity, a destiny suddenly upset by the intercession of Mr. Junior's open-handedness.

Mr. Junior's attention had been focused on Williamsburg by an Episcopal minister, the Reverend William Archer Rutherfoord Goodwin. A Phi Beta Kappa pow-wow at the College of William and Mary brought them together, the Reverend Goodwin devoting much of his time to chatting with Mr. Junior about restoration—Williamsburg's restoration, to be exact. Mr. Junior thought it was an excellent idea. New York money began heading South. The result was a shrine in its deepest sense, a re-creation of a town saturated with the country's pre-Revolutionary his-

(*Continued on page* 56)

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ARMS AND THE MAN

Doorman of Tragedy

"Kesselring," by Field Marshal Albert Kesselring *(translated by Lynton Hudson. William Morrow. 400 pp. $5), is the autobiography of a German Army general who served Hitler and his homeland in victory and defeat. Gordon Harrison, who reviews it here, is a military critic on the staff of the* Detroit News.

By Gordon Harrison

"I DID not lightly decide to write this book," writes Field Marshal Albert Kesselring of his memoirs, called, simply, "Kesselring," and now first published in this country. "In the end I made the decision in order from my observatory to contribute something toward a truthful record of a good piece of German history."

As preface that would have been irony. For Kesselring's "observatory" was a prison and his story recounts an almost unbroken succession of defeats crowned by a brutal injustice. In fact, the words of explanation come last and when the reader reaches them he has already fully accepted the paradox that a tale of herculean personal frustrations against a background of national disintegration is indeed a "good piece of German history." It is good because in the pattern of classic tragedy its hero suffered the worst and emerged to testify without rancor to the dignity of the spirit.

Kesselring may not have been the greatest of the German generals, but he was certainly the most durable. A professional soldier, he was transferred in 1933 to the air ministry, and as Hitler began breaking the bonds of the Versailles Treaty Kesselring rose to prominence with the new *Luftwaffe*. He was Goering's chief of staff just before the war, commanded air fleets in the Polish and French campaigns and in the battles which challenged the RAF (successfully, he believes) in the autumn of 1940. As air commander he participated in the first Russian campaign, which stalled at the gates of Moscow. Thus far he rode the high tide of German victories. The rest was frustration. In the winter of 1941 he was sent to Rome to take command of German forces in the Mediterranean area.

Although Kesselring writes with some reserve about his snowballing difficulties after 1941, it is clear that things never went quite right again. The only remaining big victory was Rommel's sweep to El Alamein, and that was Rommel's own. Kesselring's active command began with the reverses in North Africa. Thereafter his task was to slow the tide of defeat. But what for? As he observed, he was buying time, yet time was working for the Allies. It must have been bitter to see at almost every turn what might have been done if a few more troops had been available, if the Italians had had their hearts in the fight, if the typical German splintering of command had not frustrated timely decision, if Hitler had permitted a broad-visioned strategy.

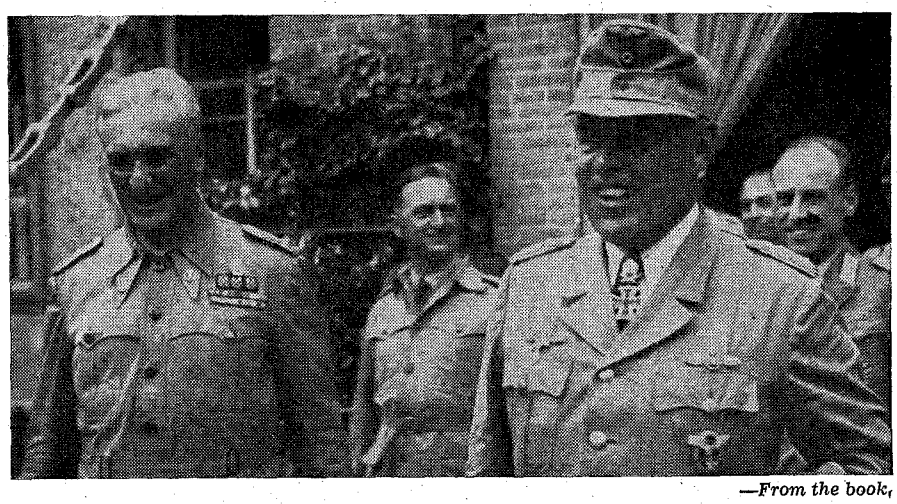
The great virtue of Kesselring's account, however, is that, while often critical, it is never bitter. His narrative of operations is a model of objectivity. His comments and interpretations are always illuminating. There is a shrewd insight into the Italians as soldiers, some glimpses (regrettably too few) of Rommel's moodiness and the effect on battle of a commander's subconscious fears, and the best balanced—though again fragmentary—picture of Hitler as a military commander that any German general has drawn.

IN THE latter days of the war the heads of generals rolled with every major defeat as Hitler became obsessed with the notion that to withdraw was a mark of cowardice. Kesselring had his share of defeats but almost alone in the West survived in the good graces of Berlin. In March 1945 he took over supreme command of the last defense against Eisenhower's armies.

Kesselring did not retain Hitler's confidence primarily because he played politics, even though he admits he had a powerful friend at court in Goering. On the contrary, he appears to have been almost the only high field commander who had the bluntness, persistence, and intelligence to make military realities clear to Hitler and on that basis to demand freedom of action. This striking independence won by plain speaking provides an interesting footnote to the plaints of so many Germany generals.

For Kesselring V-E Day was only the prelude of tragedy. Tried as a war criminal, with shocking disregard for Anglo-Saxon traditions of legal justice, he was sentenced to death. Sentence was passed by a British court but the crime must be shared by the democracies who devised the Nuremberg trials as a new instrument of international justice only to poison it with the spirit of vengeance. There is much truth in Kesselring's contention that he was punished in order to glorify the belated struggle of the Italian partisans and deal a mortal blow to the whole German military profession. As a soldier rigidly bound by his oath to the state and indifferent to the political ends to which his services might be put, he was the logical victim of that naive postwar emotion which confused war-makers with fighters.

Kesselring did not die. His sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and when he became ill after five years of confinement he was pardoned as an act of clemency. The blot on the record, nevertheless, remains. How great a blot is made eloquent in these calm but moving pages out of a soldier's life written to summon his countrymen and his old enemies to understanding and tolerance.



—*From the book,*

Kesselring and Graziani—"his task was to slow the tide of defeat."

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Labors of Command

"Command Missions: A Personal Story," by Lt. Gen. L. K. Truscott, Jr. *(E. P. Dutton. 570 pp. $7.50), is the autobiography of the former cavalryman who became Commander of the Fifth Army in Italy during World War II. Our reviewer is Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, former European theatre historian for the U.S. Army and author of "The River and the Gauntlet" and other books.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT, JR., whose fame before the American people has never been in proportion to the weight of his deeds, has added his memoir to a large World War II shelf proving that when it comes to skill in letters American high commanders need no longer bow to the superiority of the British and Germans.

It is an appropriate climax to the Truscott career that this wild-eyed ex-cavalryman has produced in "Command Missions" a book which sings with writing quality, rates the highest praise for its informational values, and in its battle descriptions is often deeply moving.

For there is that about Truscott which makes his latest feat not alone astonishing but somewhat of an embarrassment to all who have the blessing of his personal friendship. He is a man of eternal surprises, not less because he consistently hides his light under a bushel than because, except for his marked ability on the polo field, none of his rare talents seems to fit with his personality.

He has the look and movement of a swashbuckler, which only on rare occasion is belied by an intensity of speech. The hawklike face, the popeyes, the rasping voice, the habit of working the jaw vigorously in conversation all convey the impression of the flat bottom which rides over the dew.

Knowing him well in my years of youth along the Border and appreciating his inner warmth, I still never imagined that he had the ambition and breadth to become a great commander, or that he could excel in my own racket. Well, here it is again, and the crow will be eaten to the tail feathers. There is but one redeeming reflection —that but for accident none of this might have happened. As he says in his opening line, "Luck plays a part in the life of every man. It has certainly been so in my own."

He might have finished the war as an unknown colonel with a routine staff assignment instead of being commander of the Fifth Army in Italy. But destiny moves in strange ways.

In early 1941 a new Chief of Staff arrived at IX Army Corps in the Pacific Northwest. He soon found himself bypassing his G3 to get advice from the Assistant, whom he had just met for the first time. Shortly the C. of S. found himself consulting the Assistant G3 on nearly all matters because his advice was consistently good. That was when Truscott's career turned the corner; the Chief of Staff was Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Transferred to the War Department as Chief of Operations Division, Eisenhower was asked by General George C. Marshall to nominate a "good man" for assignment with Admiral Mountbatten's Combined Operations Command.

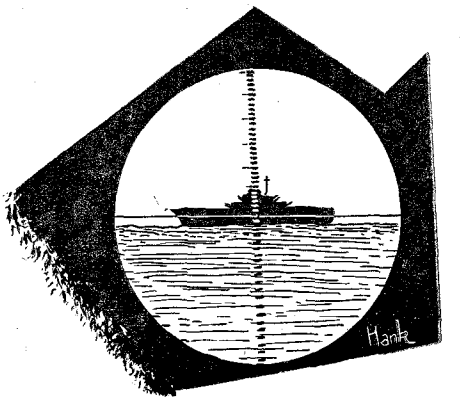
Eisenhower ordered up Truscott, who by then was with the Fifth Cavalry at Fort Bliss. The interview left Marshall wholly unimpressed; Truscott lacked the outward air. He walked into Eisenhower saying: "Where did you get that wild Indian?" Realizing that the moment was a crisis in two careers, Eisenhower answered: "General, if you are to have confidence in me that means faith in my judgment of men." Marshall considered briefly, then replied, "I guess that's right," and Truscott was on his way to fame and fortune.

None of this is in the book, but there is only one possible source for the story, and he gave it me firsthand some years before taking up residence on Pennsylvania Avenue.

TRUSCOTT'S was a richly exciting experience in war and in command problems from the hour he joined Mountbatten until at war's end he was retired for physical disability. But what distinguishes his memoir above others is its utter lack of austerity and pretension. Truscott is something better than a skilled writer; he is a born reporter. This is the first book I have ever read by a general which describes in intimate detail what makes the wheels go around, how planning is done, how staff problems are resolved, wherein personalities make or ease problems, and how decisions become modified or resolved.

He calls it "a personal story," and the description fits. One reading it has the sense of being at Truscott's elbow during his climb to the heights. There is an impulse to exclaim on putting the book down: "What a thoroughly able and decent citizen!"

And, as I said once, the book mirrors the man.



Flattop Flurries

"Aircraft Carrier," by J. Bryan, III *(Ballantine Books. 205 pp. Clothbound, $3. Paperbound, 35¢), leaves from the wartime diary of a journalist turned lieutenant commander, records some memorable action in the Pacific, including a number of suicidal* kamikase *attacks on our vessels. Rear Admiral Arthur A. Ageton, USN (Ret.), who reviews it below, served in the Pacific as flotilla commander of Kelley Turner's amphibious forces staff and as executive officer of the battleship* Washington.

By Arthur A. Ageton

AT A TIME when every Japanese officer was aware that it would take a miracle to save the Empire from disaster, Admiral Teraoka met with Vice Admiral Takijiro Ohnishi in Manila to discuss the use of suicide attacks on the enemy. In his diary for October 18, 1944, Admiral Teraoka noted:

> We can no longer win the war by adhering to conventional methods of warfare . . . We conclude that the enemy can be stopped and our country saved only by crash-dive attacks on their ships. Admiral Ohnishi and I are in agreement that he should assume complete charge and responsibility for the formation of a special attack corps.

On October 24, this reviewer witnessed one of the first *kamikase* (divine wind) attacks, on a Liberty ship anchored about 300 yards from his flagship in Leyte Gulf. We had not been officially informed that there was such a corps; yet it was obvious that the crash was a deliberate and suicidal assault. It was gruesome and nauseous —to see and to realize that a man could be so "hopped-up" that he would willingly sacrifice his life to in-

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flict damage upon his country's enemy.

We saw plenty of *kamikases* in the months that remained of the Pacific war. For me, they epitomized the difference between our philosophies: the Japanese boy had been brought up to die for his Emperor; our American boys had been brought up to fight—and to live—for their country.

In "Aircraft Carrier," Lieutenant Commander J. Bryan, III, tells us much about the "divine wind" that blew off Japan and Okinawa in the early months of 1945. But his book has much more to offer its absorbed reader. By some dispensation Bryan was required, in line of duty, to keep a diary; the vivid and graphic journal of his experiences in the *Fighting Lady* (U.S.S. *Yorktown*) fill the pages of this book. To the writing of his journal, Bryan brought the ability to observe, the lucid skill, and pungent phrasing of a trained reporter and freelance writer. The incomparable humor and sharp wit of the men who fought the air war at sea sparkle from every page.

BEFORE the war, Lieut. Commander Bryan worked as a journeyman newshawk on the Richmond *News Leader* and other newspapers and magazines, as an editor with *The New Yorker, Town and Country,* and *The Saturday Evening Post.* For this reader he has surpassed other fine accomplishments in presenting carrier-air warfare—"Combat Command," by Admiral Frederick Sherman, "Daybreak Comes to Our Carrier," by John Mason Brown, as well as "Admiral Halsey's Story" and "Mission Beyond Darkness," in the writing of which Bryan collaborated with Admiral Halsey and INS reporter Philip Reed.

Bryan reported to *Ticonderoga* on February 4, 1945, to find that extensive damage from two *kamikase* hits had forced Admiral Radford, his new boss, to seek another flagship, *Yorktown.* His first personal experience with the "divine wind" came when two Japanese planes sneaked into Ulithi anchorage from neighboring Yap; one hit the *Randolph,* the other crashed on a small island which the pilot mistook in the darkness for an *Essex*-class carrier.

Bryan saw and recorded many more attacks—over 2,500 Japanese pilots were expended in the "special attack corps." *Yorktown* bore a charmed life, taking only one bomb hit for comparatively little damage. Bryan describes a *kamikase* attack:

> The attack began at 1320 and lasted fifteen minutes. Two planes dove on the *Intrepid* simultan-

(Continued on page 28)

FICTION

A Devonshire Dilly

"The Gipsy in the Parlour," by Margery Sharp *(Little, Brown. 247 pp. $3.50), is the story of Fanny, about to be married into the Sylvester family, and how she held her prospective sisters-in-law at bay—all this in Devonshire and London in the Seventies.*

By Rosemary Carr Benét

WHAT a pleasant time the Victorian age was! Then a lady could get her own way, or try to get it at least, by simply going into a decline. "No sofa, no decline," says Margery Sharp acutely. Nowadays Fanny Davis, the "Gipsy" of her new novel, "The Gipsy in the Parlour," would probably be committed to a couch instead of a sofa, and undergo a brisk psychoanalysis. The reasons for taking to couches and sofas are the same, the results identical. But a novel about couches—and we have had them—would not be nearly as lighthearted and amusing as this one. In fact, it wouldn't be lighthearted.

Fanny was about to be married into the Sylvester family, prosperous farmers in Devonshire. Her trio of prospective sisters-in-law were large, dynamic, energetic females, and all vociferous. Particularly Charlotte, the leader, who was built on a larger-than-life scale: "A great, good-humored, handsome whopper." In the face of this competition Fanny, who had her own small, dark charm—wrists like chicken bones and a low voice—and a very strong will, simply took to the parlor sofa and let everyone wait on her. She strove to exemplify "the pathos and beauty of invalidism." Meanwhile, she worked out her own devious plottings and plans—or tried to.

This latest in the line of Margery Sharp's deft and humorous novels will not disappoint her admirers. It is a lively and accurate picture of a time, 1870; a place, Devonshire with a fling in London; and a family, the Sylvesters. She gives her picture added vividness by a skilful device. We see it all through the eyes of a bright-eyed, admiring, articulate eleven-year-old niece who tells the story in the first person with warm recollection. "A little Busybody" she calls herself, "Fanny's Little Friend and Little Toady." She loved life in Devonshire as much as she hated her routine in London and looked forward longingly to the "long, golden, love-filled summer," and when the Sylvester solidarity was shaken she was shaken. Some of the best Sharp touches come from the slant of this youthful reporting. Of the local ball, she says, "The only function that ever came up to my idea of the Frampton Assembly was the third act of 'The Sleeping Beauty,' as performed by the Ballet Russe." The youthful evaluations are sound, even of Fanny's rival, a vital barmaid named Clara Blow, and finally, of Fanny's illness.

THE only weakness in the book is that here, as in life, the Sylvester men cannot compete with their ladies. They are silent and withdrawn and one never quite believes in Stephen, Fanny's wishy-washy fiancé, with his endless, tiresome patience. However, the character drawing of the formidable Charlotte, *et al.*, compensates.

John Marquand once said of "Britannia Mews," that Miss Sharp's work was entertaining, but that "entertainment is a word now customarily used by critics when they do not like a book." This book is just that: entertaining. Light, amusing reading and, lest that other connotation still hold, I *do* like it.

Margery Sharp—"deft and humorous."

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African Raffles

"The Night Winds," by Brian Talbot Cleeve *(244 pp. Clothbound, Houghton Mifflin. $2.75. Paperbound, Ballantine Books. 35¢), describes a garden-party in South Africa at which the white guests and the colored servants try to better their fortunes, each in his own way.*

By Edmund Fuller

THE amazing recent surge of writing out of South Africa demonstrates how tension generates art. The bitterness and menace, the psychological depth and complexity, of the multi-racial social fabric, make that strange, beautiful land a scene of personal and group tragedies, and potentially of international tragedy.

Brian Talbot Cleeve, an Irishman who has lived for the past six years in South Africa, at least part of that time in Johannesburg, possesses great narrative skill. He has seen and known something of the country and its people, even though his roots are not there, unlike most of the writers who have been disclosing this world to us, in the last few years. In December 1953, he and his family were deported from South Africa because of his published opinions on the race question.

His novel, "The Night Winds," is a compact work, swift in its development, shrewd, though not profound in its character portrayal. Its story is constructed adroitly around a swanky, charity garden-party given by a millionaire of Johannesburg. Sidney Hiram is self-made, a "Peruvian," in the local anti-Semitic slang to which Mr. Cleeve introduces us. He has married, long ago, the handsome daughter of a distinguished, impoverished British family.

He takes pride in his supposed service to art and to South Africa as a collector of the work of Renaissance goldsmiths. The guest list of his party is a cross-section of the acceptable levels of white society in Johannesburg. Among the servants are several categories of natives and mixed bloods.

While Sidney Hiram is trying to ingratiate himself with British aristocrats; while Franz Keitel, ex-German officer down on his luck, is trying to ingratiate himself with both Mr. and Mrs. Hiram for double motives; while Marjorie Hiram is trying to find a way to endure staying alive; while Ann Burroughs is trying to find the means to get away to Europe so that she can "pass," a group of natives and colored

B. T. Cleeve—"tension generates art."

are carrying out a robbery of the Renaissance gold.

In spite of the story's dramatic tightness and many revealing social and personal insights, the book lacks depth. This may be the limit of Mr. Cleeve's vision, or the lack of a deeper root. He shows us only limited types, white or colored, and though this is his right, his chosen concentration, he gives no indication of the existence of other elements. He has overlooked the truly important people, of several categories of whom we know from Alan Paton, and also from Nadine Gordimer and other novelists.

Since there is some pretension that this is a "social" novel, the omission is crucial. The failure of the book other than as a melodrama against a background of tension, is embodied in the lack of a responsible spokesman, white or black; and in the utterly false note of the very end, when the professional criminal, Saul, fleeing Johannesburg, is elevated abruptly into a symbol of "his people" and we are told that "they would wake, and he would be with them in their wakening."

T. A. Jones—"light and wayward."

The Riviera Spirit

"Mr. Twining," by Timothy Angus Jones *(Alfred A. Knopf. 378 pp. $3.50), reports on a naive British schoolmaster's Continental holiday and how an unknowing young girl taught him about life.*

By Walter Havighurst

TO THE many fictional portraits of the English schoolmaster add Mr. Twining, forty-five years old, single, totally unworldly, and uncommitted to life except through his fondness for the Latin poets, his mild affection for the young, and his oddly buoyant human nature. Routine, dutiful, sedentary, unprotesting his narrow existence, Mr. Twining still had a streak of wilfulness in him, which Timothy Angus Jones exploits in his first novel, "Mr. Twining." It is a novel as light and wayward as a cloud.

Mr. Twining belonged to the class "half-city and half-provincial, the largest in English society, which suffers from the loneliness of large numbers and the shiftlessness of belonging." The balding, narrow-shouldered little man wasn't conscious of this. He had come to rest, unaspiring, at Simkin's preparatory school in a seacoast village in Southern England. There he was content until the arrival of a colleague who talked excitingly about the Côte d'Azur. In a sudden fit of restiveness Mr. Twining decided to spend his Easter holiday in the South of France.

No one was more surprised than Mr. Twining at the gypsy strain that emerged in him when he found himself penniless beside the Mediterranean. Instead of being frightened, he had a heady sense of freedom. He took to the road, joined a nudist colony because he could not get his clothing laundered, and eventually became tutor to the niece of a diamond merchant whose lordly villa looked over "the sea of Aeneas, the path of the Odyssey." From this inland ocean had come all the history and literature that Mr. Twining knew.

At Villa Bessel there was an uninhibited company of retainers, relatives, and hangers-on of the wealthy proprietor. Mr. Twining made an odd figure there, but he got along by being his artless and unworldly self. In fact, he was more than equal to the exigencies of that spring-long house-party in a world fantastically

(*Continued on page* 33)

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—From the book.

"The Judge's Wife"—"history come to life."

Inheritors of the Mogul

"The Founders of Modern India," by Philip Woodruff *(St. Martin's Press. 402 pp. $5), the first half of a two-volume history of the British in India, carries the story from 1600 to 1858. Here it is reviewed by William B. Willcox, professor of history at the University of Michigan and author of "Star of Empire: A Study of Britain as a World Power."*

By William B. Willcox

HISTORIANS are almost always handicapped by having to work with material that is outside their direct experience. Knowing about events is no substitute for having lived through them. Sir Charles Firth is said to have known Cromwell's soldiers better than Cromwell did, but even Firth could not bring the Ironsides back to life. Such magic can be achieved only at rare moments, when a writer's background and imaginative insight enable him to transcend the limits of the professional historian. The professional is trained to hunt facts, not to cultivate empathy. He is therefore wide open to a question recently popular among the young: "Was you *there*, Charlie?"

Philip Mason, who writes under the pen name of Woodruff, was unquestionably there. From the start his book, "The Founders of Modern India," carries authority. The author's distinguished record in the Indian civil service, extending over almost two decades, has given him an affectionate understanding of the country, and he has by nature a keen and articulate sense of the past. Because he knows at first hand the problems he is describing, he handles the founders as if they were his contemporaries. He frequently points out, it is true, the injustice of judging them by the hindsight of a later age. But he approaches them on the assumption that the essence of administration changes no more than human nature, and consequently identifies himself with them through his own experience. "A shrewd district officer knows how to deal with all this. The technique is very simple; he rests confident in his own integrity; he takes no action; he waits. . . . This is what Hastings did with Nuncomar."

This attitude toward the past is closer to the artist's than to the orthodox historian's. It has a direct impact, like "Passage to India" or "Plain Tales from the Hills," or like Watts's great portrait of Lord Lawrence of the Punjab. Men and incidents are used as symbols of a reality that is too complex for full description. They are substitutes for the generalizations that are the tissue of most written history —and that are, after all, merely a duller form of symbol. Mr. Mason feels that his method is "less unfair to the reader than abstract comment though still unfair because it selects." Any method worth the name, however, has to be selective, and this one is fair enough if the reader knows what he is getting into.

THE BOOK is not history in the usual sense. It is divided into three parts: the period of the Moguls, the half-century of transformation after 1750, and the "golden age" that ended with the Mutiny of 1857. But within the limits imposed by chronology the author wanders as he pleases, from a biographical sketch to a description of the countryside, or a glimpse of Anglo-Indian society, or a chapter on the Company's college in England. He has a great deal to say on some conventional topics, notably on the relation of land tenure to revenue (a subject, important as it is, that no method can make exciting); he has little to say on some equally important topics, such as the creeping paralysis of Mogul power, Franco-British rivalry in the eighteenth century, or the changing relationship between Whitehall, Leadenhall Street, and the Company officials in India. His focus for the most part is on individuals and their day-to-day wrestling with problems, rather than on the problems themselves.

The book is no more an orthodox collection of biographies than it is orthodox history. The founders appear, disappear, and reappear, until all hope fades of arranging them in a neat portrait gallery. Mr. Mason is concerned, not with neatness, but with writing what he wants to write. He draws on wide reading and experience; his style at its best is vivid with the poetry of place and action. What matter, then, if the book fits into no established category?

Reading it is an absorbing experience. The usual barriers of time and space become insubstantial, as though the reader were introduced to Mr. Mason's club, crowded with members who come and go in bewildering variety. Some of them are stained with ink, some with blood; some are profane and others quote the psalms. But they all talk, often simultaneously, and the few dull ones are soon drowned out. The conversation ranges over one enormous subject. It may confuse the listener because it ranges so far, or tantalize him because it moves so fast. But, unless he is a dull stick, he will be pulled out of himself by the fascination of it. For this is history come to life.

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Francis's Fops

"The Gentlemen of Renaissance France," by William Leon Wiley *(Harvard University Press. 303 pp. $5), exhibits the virtues and vices, the whole way of life, of a unique caste that flourished briefly during the sixteenth century. Leo Gershoy, who reviews it below, is visiting professor of history at the University of California at Los Angeles.*

By Leo Gershoy

ECONOMIC and social historians have written voluminously in recent years of the rise of the bourgeoisie, and have made that development one of the pivotal phenomena of the sixteenth century. For better or worse the bourgeoisie is with us yet; in a way we are all bourgeois now. It is more novel to have a study of the *gentilhomme,* a type which had only a fleeting moment of glory, from about 1515 to the early 1560's. William Leon Wiley's "The Gentlemen of Renaissance France" treats the fall even more than the rise of this type with learning and with even a note of nostalgic regret.

The Renaissance gentleman, who passed from the stage of French history in the course of the religious wars, took over some of the robust attributes of his medieval French predecessor as well as the elegance of the Italian gentleman. But essentially he was *sui generis.* He belonged by birth to the old fighting nobility. By virtue of that birth he stood highest in the social scale and possessed many rights and privileges. In theory, at least, those were validated by his adherence to a code whose roots went deep into the past. Ideally his values were summed up in the rubric "noblesse oblige." In reality he practised variations upon the code and deviated frequently from the ideal. The elaboration upon his fidelity to and his departure from the code makes up the substance of this study. In successive chapters Mr. Wiley describes in rich detail how the gentleman really behaved: how he dressed and acted, ate and conversed, wooed his lady and fought his rival, traveled and thought—when he did.

The account is full and valuable. All readers, irrespective of special interests, can profit from the painstaking literary research which has gone into the making of this compendious historical dictionary. It is no doubt fitting, since the long extinct gentleman has become a kind of museum piece, that he should be placed in a museum exhibit, arranged so to speak by rooms, each duly catalogued. As tastes in gentlemen differ as in other things, one room will appeal less than another, which is natural enough. In all of them the visitor is likely to be struck by that curious professional and almost irresistible urge of the curator to give multiple illustrations of a single theme. He may also feel, to keep the metaphor, that a crowded exhibit bears an inverse ratio to the individual's capacity for concentration. Profusion of details has a way of crowding out perspective.

TAKEN for what it supplies, a colorful and varied sequence of portraits, incidents, and episodes in the life span of a caste, "The Gentleman of Renaissance France" will undoubtedly find its appropriate place in the reading public. To what degree readers will accept Mr. Wiley's evaluation of the worth of the gentleman and his contribution to modern civilization is something else again. For the author concludes that "it is no longer necessary [that the] essence of gentility be clothed in velvet and lace, or to bear a noble's title. The gentleman's legacy to his modern descendants is discernible today in their courtesy of gesture, their sense of personal honor and integrity, of modesty and reserve, and in their feeling of strength and leadership in times of strife. The gentleman of sixteenth-century France, despite his imperfections, made a contribution to civilizing the world." Scholars have a way of moving from conscious impersonal rehabilitation of their subject to unconscious romantic infatuation. Readers are more hard boiled.

Mrs. Trollope—"everything went wrong."

Unhappy Immigrant

"The Indomitable Mrs. Trollope," by Eileen Bigland *(J. B. Lippincott. 255 pp. $3.50), is a new biography of the English writing lady who mothered a novelist named Anthony, with emphasis on her years in Cincinnati, Ohio.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

CINCINNATI, Ohio, has never really forgiven Mrs. Trollope. One hundred and twenty-two years have gone by since the local religious frenzies, dishwater-dull social life, and fondness for spitting became the subjects of acid comment in "Domestic Manners of the Americans," but solid Cincinnatians still bridle at mention of the author's name and the local guidebooks refer to her with hauteur.

Eileen Bigland's new biography, "The Indomitable Mrs. Trollope," will not lay the ghost of Mrs. Trollope's reputation as a shrew. It is, however, a competent and sympathetic portrait of a very game old dame.

When Fanny Trollope sailed for America in 1828 with three of her five children, she was forty-eight. Saddled with a hypochondriac husband who had shown himself incapable of earning a living, Mrs. Trollope had conceived the desperate idea of seeking the family fortune in the United States, where she hoped to establish her son Henry.

Everything went wrong. Nashoba, the utopian colony in Tennessee where the Trollopes had expected to settle, turned out to be a fever-stricken clearing in the wilderness. Off to a fresh start in Cincinnati, Mrs. Trollope wrote commissioning her husband to buy goods in England for a Cincinnati bazaar, but the letters lay unanswered and the goods, when they came, were rubbish. Meanwhile, Fanny caught malaria, Henry nearly died of the Cincinnati climate, and to all the hardships of poverty and illness in a strange land were added those caused by Mrs. Trollope's natural tactlessness and the anti-British sentiment of the era and the area.

Small wonder that a good deal of rancor marked Mrs. Trollope's narrative. Americans were furious, but they bought her book, and launched the author on the grinding out of one novel and travel book after another. At fifty-five she was cook, nurse, housekeeper, and breadwinner for six people, including her grouchy invalid husband and two tubercular children. At night she drugged herself with laudanum so that she could stay awake to write. So she came, without

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self-pity, to her sunny dotage in Italy, and to the surprising news that her son Anthony, in whom she had never been much interested, had written a novel.

All this has been told in various Trollope biographies and Mrs. Trollope herself figured as one of Una Pope-Hennessy's "Three English Women in America." Mrs. Bigland presents no new material, but she has given Fanny Trollope her first modern biography.

Here and there the American research seems skimpy. When Mrs. Bigland writes that Mrs. Trollope, "heartily sick of ordinary Cincinnati society . . . made friends with several people frowned upon for various reasons" and then goes on to identify one of those frowned-on friends as the elder Nicholas Longworth, she risks raising the hackles of the entire membership of the Cincinnati Historical Society. More serious is the apparent confusion of Frances Wright's Nashoba with Robert Owen's settlement at New Harmony, Indiana. And speaking of Frances Wright, since it was she who induced the Trollopes to visit America, she would seem to have deserved more study than Mrs. Bigland has given her.

According to "The Indomitable Mrs. Trollope," Frances Wright was a mannish sort who spoke in "booming tones" or "booming asides," and sometimes in a "booming crescendo." She declared "oracularly" that Nature had made no difference between black people and white except in the pigmentation of their skins.

Now, Fanny Wright was undoubtedly eccentric, impractical, and athletic. She believed in Negro emancipation, though her ideas were by no means as simple as Mrs. Trollope believed them to be—and Mrs. Bigland has not gone beyond Mrs. Trollope. What is hard to accept is that the Fanny Wright of Mrs. Bigland's unappetizing caricature could have been adored, as the real Fanny was adored, by Lafayette, Jeremy Bentham, Robert Dale Owen, and young Walt Whitman, to name four.

Like Mrs. Trollope, Eileen Bigland is the author of many novels and vivacious travel books. "The Indomitable Mrs. Trollope" is a book by one traveling Englishwoman about another, and the results are amiable. Mrs. Bigland writes smoothly, and understands her heroine. She has sketched perceptively Anthony's relationship to his mother. (It is perhaps too much to wish that she were not so fond of the word "ploy.") Nevertheless, a wonderfully lively old girl has been brought to life here, in all her briskness and bossiness, and for that let us be truly grateful.

—*Jacket by J. G. Farris, for "The Prophet Armed."*

Trotsky—"one of the great makers of the history of our time."

The Rejected Revolutionist

"The Prophet Armed: Trotsky, 1879-1921," by Isaac Deutscher *(Oxford University Press. 540 pp. $6), the first of a two-volume biography, carries the career of a maker of the Russian Revolution from his birth to his service as Commissar of War. Below it is reviewed by Bertram D. Wolfe, author of "Three Who Made a Revolution."*

By Bertram D. Wolfe

HAVING done one book on Stalin's life and one on his death, Isaac Deutscher has now turned his attention to Stalin's great antagonist, Leon Trotsky. "The Prophet Armed" carries Trotsky from birth to the year 1921, when, as the powerful Commissar of War, he had just brought the Civil War to a victorious conclusion and was urging his party to use the same methods of command, conscription, and militarization on the organization of the labor force and the recovery of Russia's ruined economy. In the offing is a second volume, "The Prophet Unarmed," which will recount Trotsky's downfall, exile, and murder.

The three books so far published make clear the author's approach to the protagonists of his biographical-historical trilogy, and to the revolution of which they were prime movers. His approach to Stalin is at once critical and apologetic. The critique was largely borrowed from Trotsky's polemical writings against Stalin, so that Mr. Deutscher's own critical faculties dwindled to ineffectuality, when he had to deal with the years after 1940, the date of the murder of Leon Trotsky. In the "quickie" Mr. Deutscher wrote about Stalin's death and what followed, he sought to prove that Stalinist totalitarianism was a benevolent if cruel and despotic necessity forced upon the dictator by the backwardness of his land and subjects, but that by his forced collectivization and industrialization he had so raised the level of Russia's economy and mass culture that this totalitarianism had become unnecessary by 1953.

The latest Deutscher book does not argue, but takes for granted the essential rightness of the Bolshevik seisure of power in 1917. He likewise takes for granted the wrong-headedness, perversity, and baseness of all liberal democrats and democratic and agrarian socialists who opposed that seizure of power and urged instead that Russia was ripe for democratic modernization and not for socialist revolution. Where Deutscher is critical at all of Lenin and Trotsky, he is critical only of some of their utopian illusions, which the hindsight that comes from having outlived them enables him to confute.

Despite this unpromising moral and

(*Continued on page* 30)

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The Anisfield-Wolf Awards

SOME years ago Mrs. Edith Anisfield-Wolf of Cleveland, Ohio, established in memory of her father and her husband an award to be bestowed upon the book or books which in the opinion of a board of judges cast special light upon racial problems. The award of two thousand dollars is made annually under the egis of *The Saturday Review* and can be given either to a single volume or divided between two works, and may be for either fiction or non-fiction.

Probably there has never been a time in the history of the world when relations between nations have been of as much import to humanity as at the present, or when there is more pressing need of all the light and leading that competent observers can cast upon them. But hasty impressions are misleading, and if we are to achieve the sort of understanding which alone will serve as a fulcrum to a more harmonious world it will be through a knowledge which penetrates beneath the surface of manners and customs to the traditions, the ambitions, and the ideals of peoples. It is in the belief that Vernon Bartlett in his "Struggle for Africa" illuminates the conditions and problems of a continent which is constantly assuming greater importance for the world in general that the selecting committee has bestowed one of the Anisfield-Wolf awards upon it. Mr. Bartlett's book is an analytical, though lively, work, a careful portrayal of a continent and its problems. Writing of the book, Henry Pratt Fairchild, chairman of the committee, says:

> The concentration of contemporary world tensions in Africa has been accompanied by the appearance of a large number of books, many of them excellent, dealing with one or another aspect of that strategic continent. More than one such volume has in previous years been honored with an Anisfield-Wolf Award. Now another work calls for similar recognition.
>
> This is 'Struggle for Africa' by Vernon Bartlett. The author has a long and impressive record as a journalist, foreign correspondent, member of the British Parliament and of many diplomatic missions. He has visited Africa three times since the war, and accordingly writes from first-hand experience and observation. Although he modestly says that his book is "not for the expert," it is an invaluable source of understanding, as far as that is possible, of the complex problems that vex that vast area. The distinctive value of the book is that it is an overall survey of practically the entire continent, marked by an exceptional ability to see and to portray the various points of view and approaches, each legitimate in itself, and yet involving conflicts and antagonisms arising inevitably out of the enormous diversity of races, cultures, political systems, and types of relationships with extra-African powers. One who wishes to improve his comprehension of such very timely topics as 'Mau Mau' (although, says Mr. Bartlett, no one seems to know the meaning of the word), 'Apartheid,' 'Kenya,' etc., can hardly do better than to turn to this scholarly and engrossing volume.

THE second volume on which the Anisfield-Wolf award has been bestowed, Langston Hughes's "Simple Takes a Wife," is as far removed from it in character as are the African Negroes of whom Mr. Bartlett writes from the American Negroes who are the subject of Mr. Hughes's volume. It is in the form of a colloquy, a series of seemingly light-hearted conversations which under their gay manner contain as much wisdom upon the problem of the Negro's position in American society as is to be found in many a solemn tome. Of "Simple Takes a Wife" Mrs. Ralph Linton, who filled out the term on the selecting committee left vacant by the death of her husband, has the following to say:

> Mr. Jesse B. Semple, known to his many friends as Simple, first came to life in the columns of the *Chicago Defender*, a Negro weekly with a wide national circulation. "Simple Takes a Wife" is his second appearance between hard covers, the first being "Simple Speaks His Mind." The humorous, baffled protagonist of these books has become a new kind of folk hero, the spokesman for the rooming-house set of Harlem society.
>
> Simple's conversations with the author, usually over a beer at Paddy's Bar, cover a wide range of topics: love and landladies, politics and chitterlings, prejudice and bebop. Langston Hughes has a fine ear for idiom, and Simple's talk glows with the authentic color and rhythm of Harlem speech. The entire community comes alive through his humorous, perceptive chatter. The dialogues are loosely strung together on the knotty thread of Simple's love affair with Joyce, the lady he hopes to marry. However, his path to the altar is beset with obstacles. There are the dismaying difficulties of obtaining a divorce from his previous wife; the machinations of the respective landladies of the affianced pair; Joyce's social aspirations and the diverting wiles of Zarita, Simple's bar-hopping lady friend.
>
> Although there are humor and sparkle on every page of this book, an undercurrent of serious concern with racial problems flows through it also. Many of Simple's tartly funny comments are tinged with bitterness. The reader feels here, expressed in warmly personal terms but with universal implications, the striving and frustration of the urban Negro trying to take his place in a white world.

To be considered for the Award a copy of the book in published form should be sent to each of the judges: Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, New York University, Washington Square, N. Y.; Miss Amy Loveman, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, and a third judge whose appointment will be announced shortly. —A. L.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ROMANCE BETWIXT THEM

ONE OF THE PIONEER PUBLISHERS of paper-bound, pocket-size books, so common today, was Modern Age Books, Inc., of New York. In 1938 an early volume of theirs was "Love Here Is My Hat," by William Saroyan, in which the author said: "This book is dedicated with affection and admiration to Modern Age Books, Inc., for encouraging the romance between life and letters by reducing the fee per affair from $2.50 to 25¢, without making a whore of the lady."

I wonder how many of your today's readers remember these books and/or this gem!

DONALD W. ATHEARN.

Cleveland, O.

MARKS FOR "THREEPENNY"

I WAS DELIGHTED with Henry Hewes's review of "The Threepenny Opera" [*SR* March 27]. It proves that a genuine work of art cannot be killed, no matter what is done to it, but I wish that Mr. Hewes could have seen this musical play performed in Berlin in the late Twenties. While it may be a little unfair to compare the two works—the one attempting to be an idiomatic translation of Bert Brecht's original—let me say this:

Polly was never intended to be a gorgeously gowned, slightly coy American debutante. She was a wistful, eroticizing young woman, and every inch a match for Macheath. First honors go to Mr. Hewes for discovering (alone among all New York reviewers) that the song she sang at her wedding was from "Happy End," and not from "The Threepenny Opera." He might perhaps have added that this is not unlike throwing an aria from "Madame Butterfly" into a production of "La Bohème," because the "Butterfly" aria is so pretty. . . .

The present version is clumsily funny, where the original was subtle satire, and Brecht's mordant irony has been watered down to good-natured banter. But where the translation cannot keep up with Brecht's pace (by the way, in 1928 Brecht was a young writer with a completely independent mind), the music does. It needs no interpreter. It is a fine thing that Mr. Hewes was able to hear this so clearly.

THERES POL.

New York, N.Y.

U.S. INFORMATION FILMS

WHEN I READ the January 9 issue of *SR*, I was particularly pleased to note in Cecile Starr's column IDEAS ON FILM that three of our pictures—"The Photographer," "Land of Enchantment," and "And Now Miguel"—are included in the Museum of Modern Art's showing of postwar American films. Miss Starr's comments are gratifying, but all of us here are surprised to see ourselves referred to as "the now defunct U. S. Information Service." We are, we assure you, very much alive, with U. S. Information Services operating in eighty-three countries. . . .

The Motion Picture Service is now a part of the U. S. Information Agency, which was created August 1 of last year as an independent agency. . . . As a result of these changes we are moving ahead with plans for a stronger program. Although budgetary adjustments have necessitated some curtailment of production, we are now completing, both here and abroad, a substantial number of pictures planned in previous years. We have produced several shorts on significant political developments, such as President Eisenhower's proposal for an international pool of atomic materials for peacetime use, the Falcon Dam project between Mexico and the U. S., and Dr. Milton Eisenhower's mission to Latin America. Presently nearing completion is a film on Vice President Nixon's visit to Asia and the Far East. . . . Far from being a corpse, we are enjoying a very lively existence and our presence is felt in all four corners of the world.

ANDREW W. SMITH, JR.,
Chief, Motion Picture Service.

Washington, D. C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Haven't you any others? This sheet is printed crooked and the word 'Postage' is misspelled."

ROUND OR DOUGHNUT?

ED FISHER'S CARTOON [*SR* March 20] betrays his acceptance of the common conception of King Arthur's celebrated round table. According to the twelfth-century account of Layamon, the table was doughnut-shaped. Said the king's carpenter to Arthur:

Now I will make for thee a work most skilful
That there may sit at it sixteen hundred and more,
All in succession, that none may sit on the end,
But without and within, man beside man.

STANLEY WEINTRAUB.

State College, Pa.

BIOGRAPHERS AND HUMANS

JOHN A. GARRATY writes ["Biographers Are Only Human," *SR* March 20] that a librarian would have no hesitation in classifying as novels "the books of Irving Stone, such as his 'Lust for Life' (Van Gogh) and his 'Immortal Wife' (Mrs. Andrew Jackson)." A librarian would have even less hesitation in describing "Immortal Wife" as the story of Jessie Benton Fremont and "The President's Lady" as the Irving Stone novel which deals with Rachel Jackson.

PYKE JOHNSON, JR.

New York. N.Y.

SHELLEY'S AMERICAN DESCENDANTS

I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL for any help from your readers in tracing the American relatives of the English poet Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Mary Ellen Shelley, who came to America before 1840, lived in Virginia, Ohio, and California. She married Jonathan or John Snell, of the "Dutch" branch of the Snell family. Of her six children, one son was killed in the Civil War and one, Ethelbert, was living in Montana around 1926. Ethelbert at that time had in his possession the family Bible, tracing the relationship to Shelley, and a sanguine portrait of Shelley. I should like to know where these are today.

LOUISE SCHUTZ BOAS.

Cambridge, Mass.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Kingdom of Nerves

IF YOU have the constitution for 100,000 short brittle half-laughs fired at you with the mechanical impersonality of an electronic scanning gun, you may emerge from "The King of Hearts" with the feeling that you've had your money's worth. However, you probably will lament the circumstance that only on the most arbitrary level does Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's script ever become a play.

Perhaps the fact that Mrs. Kerr and her drama-critic husband, who directed the piece, are high-strung first nighters is responsible for some of what is wrong with "The King of Hearts." For, starting with a character who epitomizes the insidious neuroticism of the modern "successful" man, they could have ignored the safe naturalistic conventions of Broadway and done the kind of job Molière did on Tartuffe. Instead, they chose never to ask anything of the audience's imagination, never to risk a moment that did not pay off immediately, and, unfortunately, never to engross us for more than a second or two at a time.

However, what "The King of Hearts" has done is to record more of the kind of small-talk reaction to the ridiculous problems our society manages to impose than any play of this period. The leading character, Larry Larkin, is the creator of a comic-strip about a boy named Snips and his dog, Runtie. But Larry is not satisfied to be an amuser of children. He feels it necessary to be considered a pundit and world influence. "I feel the responsibility of being a contemporary," is the way he puts it. But as his employer replies, "I hear Snips quoted in the elevator over at CBS, but how long will the kids keep reading it?"

Larry's pretty secretary and fiancée also has a compulsion. She must hitch her wagon to this ascendant if overblown personality, and it takes another "self-made mouse," a wronged, adopted child, and, alas, a dog to make her see the light. Along the way we are treated to such amusing bits of modern shorthand as the maid's description of a friend, "I know a lady who had high blood, and lost the use of herself"; a fine joke about the cause of hangovers; and a wonderful non sequitur, "If there's a breeze, we get it here," which said at a moment of extreme crisis explodes the tension in a giant crackle of laughter.

What "The King of Hearts" seems to be satirizing is the awful impersonality and lack of respect for simple warm relationships that are at the root of the New York sickness. Larkin, who postpones his wedding until *Look* has space for a picture-story on it, always dramatizes a crisis in preference to being genuinely involved in it. "Not even I can pigeonhole the crosscurrents in men's hearts," he says in a line that sounds like it came from "Sing till Tomorrow." While in the play his comeuppance is merely losing the girl and having to move to the state of Connecticut because he was accidentally rude to Governor Dewey over the telephone, the most poetic justice is dealt him when the eight-year-old boy calls him "Mister Coffee Nerves."

"The King of Hearts" pokes fun at other foibles, too. A safety poster reading "The child you hit might have been President" says a lot about American thinking. And Larkin's attempts to deal with children as if they were subjects for the psychoanalyst's couch attacks the overearnest scientific approach that we often misapply to complicate a simple problem.

Walter Kerr has directed the whole business like a zippy tango. While the speedy delivery has the virtue of shortening an overlong evening, it puts the actors on a kind of lickety-split treadmill which is bad for both them and the timing of their often witty dialogue. Donald Cook, as the frantic cartoonist, acquires an unsympathetic sing-song glibness. Cloris Leachman, who can be devastating with a malicious line, doesn't make the vacillating fiancée into anything special enough for the audience to care whom she marries. Jackie Cooper pouts rather than burns his way through the proceedings, although his exit line, in which he sarcastically thanks everyone including the men on the cameras, is a hilarious bit. Since child actors are hedged with a divine inability to play a scene in any way except the one that gets the best response from the audience, Rex Thompson is moving as the adopted child. David Lewis, like his director, is excellent when making wry comments on an action and, fortunately, this is the kind of role the cartoonist's boss is. Frederick Fox's set is handsome, although it adds to the unrelaxed air that surrounds this production. Present-day tenseness should be the point of "The King of Hearts," not its effect.

—HENRY HEWES.

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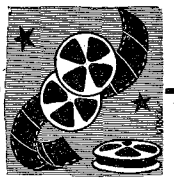

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Another 'Scope

A FEW weeks ago two enterprising brothers, Joseph and Irving Tushinsky, offered a trade demonstration of a versatile wide-screen process which they have dubbed, with a modesty that seems customary these days, Superscope. CinemaScope, they argued, is fine for those houses with a tremendous proscenium that has to be filled with pictures. But what about the smaller theatres that are architecturally unsuited to CinemaScope's 2.55 to 1 screen ratio (or can crowd it in only by drastically reducing the height of their screen) or are economically unable to meet CinemaScope's high installation costs? Many of these, they pointed out, have already begun presenting their own version of the wide screen by simply blowing up ordinary pictures to extraordinary magnifications and then, quite arbitrarily, cropping the frame to emphasize width. At the same time, a number of studios, while hesitating to go along on CinemaScope's drastic new dimensions (and costly anamorphic lens), have already released pictures framed for wider screens. In this way the outrages perpetrated by theatres in the past on such films as "Shane" and "Conquest of Everest" can to some extent be obviated.

Superscope goes a step beyond any of these. Adapting the anamorphic principle of CinemaScope, which simply means squeezing an out-size image into an ordinary 35mm frame, the Tushinkys have invented a lens that by a twist of the wrist permits the projectionist to throw on the screen pictures of any aspect ratio up to 3 to 1 (greater than either CinemaScope or Cinerama). Of course, there is a preliminary step to be taken before that wrist can be twisted. The picture must first be printed with another anamorphic lens that squeezes the image to the desired proportions. And this can be done only by cropping, even though here the cropping is done in a laboratory under controlled conditions. A sequence out of the CinemaScoped "Knights of the Round Table" was run as an example, first at CinemaScope size, then at various stages down to the normal 1.5 to 1. The main action was held to screen center, but more and more of the side picture was eliminated. Reversing the process, the Tushinskys ran rushes from a forthcoming feature that had been shot in the normal aspect ratio, "Susan Slept Here." They were able to spread it to almost CinemaScopic proportions, but at the expense of height. Where a film cropped in the theatre suffers from extreme magnification and often drastically reduced illumination, Superscope seems able to produce a clear, clean picture in any dimension.

To introduce their process dramatically, the Tushinskys opened their program with an excerpt from Disney's old "Fantasia," beginning it at normal screen size, then suddenly expanding it to the width of CinemaScope. As the sequence ended, the screen slowly closed down to normal size once more. Convincing enough as a demonstration of the versatility of the Tushinsky lens, it also suggested a solution to a problem that seems to have been plaguing the producers of wide-screen epics since this battle of the aspect ratios began. Granted that spectacle gains by being spread over vast areas, what about those more intimate scenes that are today played in boudoirs the size of the waiting-room at Grand Central Station? Why not, with a twist of the Messrs. Tushinsky's little gadget, scale those sequences down to more manageable dimensions? Then, when the time comes for the great scenics or the stupendous spectaculars, the screen could open out to embrace them. Used to accent the dramatic values in a film, Superscope could become something more than a catch-penny contraption exploiting the current wide-screen craze.

PARAMOUNT seems to be exercising economy of a sort in two of its current releases, **"Elephant Walk"** and **"The Naked Jungle."** Not only do the main settings look suspiciously similar, but there are some astonishing parallels in the two story lines as well. In both of them a girl goes off to a remote land with a husband she doesn't know—to Ceylon in "Elephant Walk," up the Amazon in "Naked Jungle." In both the couples fail to get along very well until the wife proves her true worth by facing up to a spectacular disaster—an invasion of trumpeting elephants in "Elephant Walk," of billions of soldier ants in "Naked Jungle." There is one important difference, though. "Elephant Walk," which is based on the popular novel by Robert Standish (with further overtones from "Rebecca"), moves ponderously while Elizabeth Taylor

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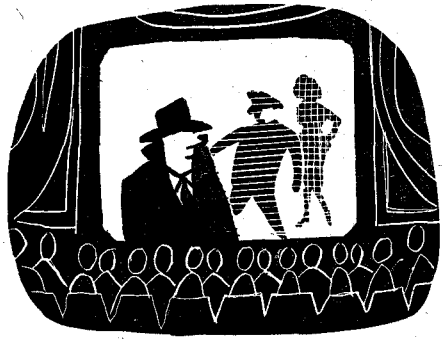
broods over her husband's inexplicable preference for playing bicycle polo with his cronies in the parlor to paying attention to her in the bedroom. Dana Andrews is also about, moodily gulping tea and playing Chopin, and pressing Miss Taylor's hand at every opportunity. The elephants arrive far too late to save this picture.

"The Naked Jungle," on the other hand, derives from a science-fiction story; and once the amenities of boy meets girl have been attended to, the special effects men get to work to portray, with unnerving effectiveness, the total destruction of every living thing—animal, vegetable, or, with the greatest relish, human—by the mandibles of those tiny monsters. Charlton Heston does more prowling than acting as a proud empire-builder and Eleanor Parker, his bride-by-proxy, maintains her composure under the most astonishing circumstances. But the threat of the jungle hovers over every scene. Nothing like a couple billion ants or a couple hundred elephants to bring two people together.

There was a newspaper note recently that **"Prisoner of War"** (M-G-M) had incurred the wrath of our Department of Defense as a "distortion" of the atrocities committed in Communist POW camps during the Korean war. Distortion or not (the writer, Allen Rivkin, claims full documentation on the authenticity of the incidents shown), the picture is so loaded with tendentious dialogue, shock effects, and stock characterizations that it fails to convince even on its own terms. Ronald Reagan plays an Army officer dropped behind enemy lines to become a POW and investigate the Reds' camps. Just how he was expected to make his report is not made clear. What the film shockingly suggests, however, is that all the Americans who played along with the Communists in those camps were really secret agents in disguise. "Prisoner of War" is a brutal, sadistic, and thoroughly cheap attempt to exploit public interest in a tragic, highly sensitive situation. "Every man has his breaking point," Reagan keeps saying throughout the picture. Mine came early. —Arthur Knight.



TV AND RADIO

Russian Television

A SUNDAY night or two ago I decided to play Russian television. It's something like Russian roulette—where you place one bullet in the cartridge cylinder of a revolver, give the cylinder a twirl, point the revolver to your temple, and pull the trigger. You get ten points every time you draw a blank. If you draw the chamber with the bullet in it your opponent gets ten points and a new opponent.

In Russian television you give your dial a twirl and the channel at which it stops is the station you stay with all evening. There are seven channels in the New York area: 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13. The Sunday night I played the game I was fortunate enough to draw Channel 9, WOR. I am now the only living television viewer in metropolitan New York who can report what was on Channel 9 the night the Rodgers and Hammerstein extravaganza was being presented for an hour-and-a-half on channels 2, 4, 5, 7, 11, and 13.

During the next two or three days following the R and H telecast all luncheon and dinner dialogue was about the hour-and-a-half salute to our two greatest living poet and pleasant tunesmiths. I tried to wedge into the conversations with a detailed description of what went on on Channel 9 that night but there were few if any takers. Somehow I got the feeling of not belonging.

I am obliged therefore to come to the conclusion that these special productions are the answer to how to fill out the day-in, day-out difficult problems of scheduling television programs. The hour-and-a-half and the two-hour spectacle, starring the biggest marquee names in show business, and especially fashioned as a genuflectory tribute to a great talent or to a business organization which has in some part contributed to the American way of life (in this case it was General Foods), must ultimately become a more or less regular part of our national television entertainment.

The way things are going now, with viewers becoming satiated with the same stars, the same plays, the same jokes, the same formats, television must look for a new gimmick. It is elementary that an hour-and-a-half or two-hour show which has had a couple of months of special preparation stands a better chance of being good than the shows that grind out weekly or even monthly entertainment with the same stars, no matter how ingratiating. I always come back to the same proposition, that if Clark Gable had started making a picture a week twenty years ago his box-office value would have reached the point of diminishing returns quite early in his career.

EVENTUALLY stars new to television appearing in special productions will be the highlights of television. The regularly scheduled programs will become the secondary pictures on a double-feature bill. Already plans are being drawn up for that eventuality. The imaginative Mr. Pat Weaver in charge of the NBC network has come up with the announcement that next season he will inaugurate a series to be known as "spectaculars." They will be hour or hour-and-a-half shows designed as something off the beaten path of television fare. Some of them, we are told, will be in color.

And just wait till color TV gets here! When manufacturers can turn out sets to receive color in a popular price range, then the whole problem of how to fill in the program schedule will be solved. Hour-and-a-half and two-hour shows can give way to shows that run a whole day. It's very simple. All they have to do is set aside a day or two a week for the telecasting of one painting.

For a whole day a viewer may have adorning a corner of his living room a Rembrandt or a Gainsborough. He may live with and get to know a landscape by Monet, a modern by Matisse. For a whole day a ballerina by Degas will provide welcome relief from June Taylor. An etching by Goya, a painting by Bruegel will be pleasant substitutes for the other peasants who make up the regular television schedule. Van Gogh, Picasso, Gauguin, Rivera, Rouault—all these are "spectaculars" to conjure with. And, sponsors, they are public domain. No high production cost here. Only please keep the commercials short and not more than one an hour:

" 'Blue Boy' is being brought to you by the makers of Tepsic, the after-dinner motor oil."

But I digress. What I started to tell you is what I saw on Channel 9 that Sunday night. There were two old films. The first was one with Roland Young and—oh, you're not listening.

—Goodman Ace.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Toscanini, Backhaus, the Tender Copland

SOMETIME in the future when a recording is issued of the Toscanini "farewell" broadcast of Wagner we shall have a clearer evaluation of just how well this music, to which he has given so much glorious power in the past, fared on this occasion. The climax of a rather nervous twenty-four hours came for some even before the broadcast began when a release was handed to the press confirming that this was, in fact, the formal end of the seventeen-year association of Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Whatever the future, it will be different and in no such pattern of continuity.

From the dating of Toscanini's letter of renunciation on his eighty-seventh birthday, it was clear that the last rehearsal on Saturday afternoon was more in the nature of an ordeal than a preparation for a concert. He tried to combine a decent toleration of the hundreds in the hall with getting on with the job in hand; but when it came to a crisis, the job won out, the air was warm with "Vergona" ("Shame"), "Stupido," "Ignorante," and the rest. When, finally, he could not cue the orchestra directly to the point where he wanted them to resume the "Rhine Journey," he dropped his shoulders rather unhappily and walked off. The audience was then asked to leave, but the rehearsal never did resume.

Consequently, when he came onstage to begin the "Lohengrin" Prelude that opened the broadcast, the normal tension that goes into his musicmaking was several times multiplied. After the "Lohengrin" the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" went well enough, though much of the mutual functioning sounded to be "from memory," as the long, long musical journey approached its end. The hardest task of all seemed the "Tannhäuser" "Overture and Bacchanale" which had come into the sequence in place of the announced "Prelude" and "Liebestod" when Toscanini decided that he did not want to play the "Tristan" music. Now and then he reached the left hand to the rail for support, but as the seventeen or so minutes of the work went on, the cues became fewer, and even an extra beat crept in, it seemed, at one point. It was plain halfway through the "Meistersinger" Prelude (the music with which he made his entry into La Scala in 1898) that he had no heart—or stomach—any longer for what he was doing.

The left hand came to the hip in the old inimitable way, but not for long. For the last half-a-dozen pages a Carnegie Hall audience saw Toscanini doing something it rarely had before . . . only beating time. At the first of the final chords, he started edging to the front of the podium, and he was already stepping down as the sound died away. The innocents who crowded to the front hoping to cheer the ending of another season could not know they were raising vain voices. After an uncertain few minutes, the house lights went up and the orchestra left. The man whom the late Paul Bekker apostrophized so well as "the conductor without pathos" was true to himself to the end. There was to be no pathos, publicly, for Arturo Toscanini. An end, and a silence.

IT WAS a notable week for another veteran, though by the Toscanini yardstick still barely beyond middle age. This was the venerable Wilhelm Backhaus, white of hair but still remarkably like the broad-shouldered figure one remembered from more than twenty-five years ago, who reappeared for a Carnegie Hall recital en route to a tour of Japan. Despite the handicap of playing on the piano of the mortals, Backhaus made it sing as it seldom does, performing five Beethoven sonatas with a combination of power and prowess, ease of hand and strength of mind unique among contemporaries.

There are those who play with more of this quality or that than Backhaus does, but, in sum, he has more intellect than the colorists, more coloration than those predominantly intellectual, and a kind of implacable security that is, of itself, a dramatic thing in a man of his seventy years. Among the distinguishing elements of his style are strong definition of ornaments (grace notes, trills, mordants, etc., in the Beethoven scores); a sense of rhythmic integration in which cascades of tone or filigrees of sound are kept effectively on the beat, or off it, as circumstances decree; the choice selection of which note to accent in any sequence involving doubt; a complete avoidance of the vulgar practice of anticipating a treble accent with a bass chord.

One can say little more about his program—which began with the early C minor (Opus 13) and ended with the "other" C minor (Opus 111)—that is not comprehended in the term Beethovenian. Somewhat granitic, perhaps, in texture, these were performances hewn rather than chiseled, with the vigorous large-lined strokes of the sculptor preempting the neater, smoother incisions of the surgical operator on Beethoven.

THE best thing about "The Tender Land," which had its first public performance by the City Center Opera last week, is the integrity Aaron Copland has demonstrated in setting forth, musically, the qualities of a rather inept script by the collaborator described as Horace Everett. The result is far from a really good stage work, and by no stretch of the imagination can it be called an opera, but Copland has written honestly, in his own style, and in way which does him credit as a craftsman.

I refer to such matters as the excellent quintet at the end of Act I, the admirable detail of a duet in Act II, and—for that matter—almost any point which was not recitative. Copland has, at least, honored the principle of opera in trying to give his characters a reasonable vocal line with which to work. However, he doesn't possess the melodic invention to make what they sing memorable, and he has too much honesty as an artist to "ham" their situation by resort to cliché.

The faults of the libretto are both general and specific. Dramas of the "land" are indeed tender matter for treatment in the aftermath of Copland's own "Rodeo" and the R-H "Oklahoma!"—to mention but the best examples of the species. To develop the story of a girl in Kansas to whom graduation is the most important thing in life until she discovers love, asks for a fair amount of theatrical magic. Greekly speaking, the time period between afternoon of one day and dawn of the next observed the unities; but the music provided by Copland did not carry us inexorably on any such swift tide of development.

The performers were decidedly good, beginning with conductor Thomas Schippers, and continuing with Rosemary Carlos, who was appealing to see and musically virtuous as the Laurie about whom the action centers, Jean Handzlik as her rather bewildered mother, and Jon Crain as the itinerant worker who loves Laurie unenduringly. Norman Treigle sang well as the grandfather who watched Laurie's welfare wisely but not too well. Oliver Smith's stage design was spare, Jerome Robbins's action naturalistic if not always convincing. The audience reaction was cordial but contained. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

RECENT PRIZEWINNERS AND THEIR RUNNERS-UP

CHILDREN'S books of this new season are coming in now in exciting numbers. Each title as it is unwrapped may be "the book of the year" and is opened with delight and expectation. While prizewinners among the new books are still in the potential stage, the distinguished books of 1953 have been announced recently and awards given.

At a ceremony in Frederic G. Melcher's office the thirty-third Newbery Award for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children was presented to Joseph Krumgold for ". . . And Now Miguel" (Crowell) and the seventeenth Caldecott Award for the most distinguished illustrations for children was presented Ludwig Bemelmans for "Madeline's Rescue" (Viking). Authors who were runners-up for the Newbery Award were Clare H. Bishop for "All Alone" (Viking), Meindert Dejong for "Shadrach," and "Hurry Home, Candy" (both Harper), Clara I. Judson for "Theodore Roosevelt, Fighting Patriot" (Wilcox), and Mary Buff for "Magic Maze" (Houghton Mifflin). Illustrators who were runners-up for the Caldecott Award were Robert McCloskey for "Journey Cake, Ho!" (Viking), Jean Charlot for "When Will the World Be Mine?" (Scott), Marcia Brown for "The Steadfast Tin Soldier" (Scribner), Maurice Sendak for "A Very Special House" (Harper), and Abe Birnbaum for "Green Eyes" (Capitol).

The Child Study Association of America made its tenth award at the annual Association luncheon to Mary Stoltz for "In a Mirror" (Harper) and cited for honorable mention ". . . And Now Miguel," by Joseph Krumgold (Crowell), "All Alone," by Clare H. Bishop (Viking), "A Chance to Belong," by Emma A. Jacobs (Holt), and "Ready-Made Family," by Agnes S. Murphy (Crowell).

The ninth annual Junior Book Award medals were given by the Boys' Club of America to ". . . And Now Miguel," by Joseph Krumgold (Crowell), "Fast Iron," by Victor Mays (Houghton Mifflin), "Fast Is Not a Ladybug," by Miriam Schlein (Scott), "The Golden Geography," by Elsa Jane Werner, (Simon & Schuster), and "Mr. Revere and I," by Robert Lawson (Little, Brown). Runners-up were "All Alone," by Clare H. Bishop (Viking), "Corporal Bess," by Walter D. Edmonds (Dodd, Mead), and "The School Train," by Helen Acker (Abelard).

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN.

MIKE'S HOUSE. By Julia L. Sauer. Illustrated by Don Freeman. New York: The Viking Press. 31 pp. $2.50.

Four-year-old Robert loved the picture-book hour at the public library, but best of all he loved to take home each week a book—not just any book, but "Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel." In fact, Robert associated Mike Mulligan with the library so much that he called the library "Mike's house."

One snowy winter day Robert got lost on his way to the library and was picked up by Officer Jensen. Over a glass of hot milk at a nearby lunch-counter he tried to identify Mike and to locate his home. A perceptive waitress recognized the public library from Robert's description, and he and the officer got there in time for an introduction to Mike Mulligan.

Don Freeman's illustrations make of Robert the real little boy that he is.

THE SHOOTING STAR. By Margot Benary-Isbert. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Illustrated by Oscar Leibman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 118 pp. $2.25.

This is a simpler story than Margot Benary-Isbert's "The Ark" and for younger children, but it has the same fine qualities of style and narrative. Nine-year-old Annagret and her mother spend three months in the Swiss mountains recovering from pneumonia. They live in a noted astronomer's home, named The Shooting Star, that has a small observatory attached. Here Annagret makes friends with Jürg, the coachman's son, who teaches her how to ski, goes to the observatory on moonless nights to look at the stars, gets lost in a snowstorm, takes part in the simple daily tasks about the house, regains her health, and develops self-reliance. The beauty of the Alps and the kindness of the Swiss people make a fine background for the little girl's growing-up.

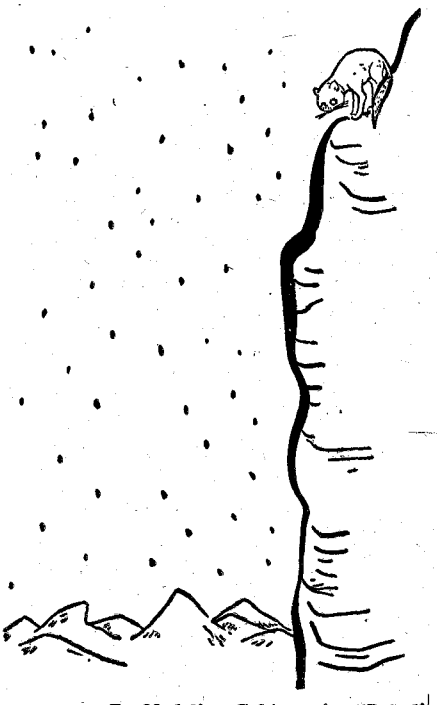
PETERLI AND THE MOUNTAIN. By Georgia Engelhard. Pictures by Madeleine Gekiere. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 39 pp. $2.25.

Peterli was a copper-colored cat which lived on a farm near Zermatt. Often he watched people start up the trail that led to the top of the great Matterhorn, and was especially pleased when Emil, one of the guides, came by leading a party. This account of the adventures that befell Peterli when he decided one afternoon to follow Emil up the mountain gives a cat's-eye view of the satisfactions and dangers of the famous climb.

The book is based on a true story of a real cat. Pictures by Madeleine Gekiere combine with the text to contrast the small cat and the great mountain.

WINTER DANGER. By William O. Steele. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 183 pp. $2.25.

After his mother died Caje followed his father deep into Indian territory. Sleeping in hollow trees and under overhanging rocks, eating berries and wild game, and traipsing through the woods were all right for an eleven-year-old boy in the summer, but when the first cold weather came, and there was evidence that the winter would be long and hard, his father



—By Madeline Gekiere, for "Peterli and the Mountain."

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returned to the settlements on the Holston River where their kinfolk lived.

Though Caje was delighted to be with his relatives, the contrast between his independent life in the woods and this closer family living made him uncomfortable. The feeling of not belonging was accentuated when his father slipped off one morning, ostensibly to hunt, and did not return. Caje chafed under the necessity of eating food he had not earned, and taking from his kin without paying back, and when supplies got low toward the end of the winter he decided to leave. When walking along a ridge he discovered a bear den, killed the bear, and took the meat back to his uncle, thus providing food when it was greatly needed. Slowly the realization that living with people is a give-and-take affair came to him, that as his aunt said, ". . . sometimes a body don't have to *do* nothing to be a help, he just has to *be* there."

This is an exciting adventure story of frontier life that boys will enjoy. It has in it also a picture of fine family living, of neighbors sharing with neighbors, of a father's underlying love for his son. Rough pioneer life is well depicted in the many fine black-and-white drawings by Paul Galdone.

CATHERINE'S BELLS. By Florence Musgrave. Illustrated by Zhenya Gay. New York: Ariel Books. 248 pp. $2.75.

Stories about girls in orphanages are perennially appealing to most girls. This one about yellow-haired Catherine should prove no exception. When Catherine must leave the orphanage at the age of twelve to live on a farm with Miss Nan her only regret is that she must leave small, crippled Peter behind. Catherine's pleasure in country living, her enjoyment of new friends, and her growing love for the interesting and unconventional Miss Nan are made perfect when Peter comes to stay with them. In this quiet, well-written story, the author recreates life on an American farm early in the century and draws the unusual picture of an orphan girl who is pretty, well treated, and definitely not pathetic.

—Aileen O'Brien Murphy.

FREEDOM TRAIN: The Story of Harriet Tubman. By Dorothy Sterling. Illustrated by Ernest Crichlow. New York: Doubleday & Company. 191 pp. $2.50.

Harriet Tubman was born a slave on a Maryland plantation. As a child she asked about the North Star and its path to freedom, but she was a young

University of Oklahoma Press

The Chisholm Trail

By WAYNE GARD. The rousing story of the famous trail that was the Texas cowhand's road to high adventure and excitement galore, with hazardous river crossings, brushes with marauding Indians, and hilarious celebrations at the end of the drive. *$4.50*

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George N. Peek and the Fight for Farm Parity

By GILBERT C. FITE. The story of the man who mobilized American farmers into an effective lobby to make parity an accepted part of our economic policy. *$4.00*

The Banditti of the Plains

By A. S. MERCER. When this angry eye-witness account of the cattlemen's invasion of Wyoming was published in 1894, it was so thoroughly and ruthlessly suppressed that few copies of that edition remain today. This new edition follows the original text and illustrations with utmost fidelity.

Volume 2, Western Frontier Library. *$2.00*

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before she followed it to Pennsylvania. Not satisfied with her own freedom, she jeopardized her life in order to cross the Mason-Dixon Line more than nineteen times and help more than 300 slaves to escape bondage. When the Civil War came she showed equal bravery and daring with the Union Army.

Mrs. Sterling has given us an excellent picture of a period in American history which was full of drama and excitement. The historical atmosphere has not been weakened by the substitution of regional vernacular for dialect and the elimination of epithets. Harriet Tubman was a person of great dignity, integrity, and courage and these qualities have been interpreted in this book. It is exciting fare for readers of ten and over.

—AUGUSTA BAKER.

THE SOUP STONE: The Magic of Familiar Things. By Maria Leach. Decorations by Mamie Harmon. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 160 pp. $2.75.

Using the simple folk-tale "The Soup Stone" as a point of departure, Maria Leach tells superstitions, folk customs, and tales associated with many familiar objects and practices. Stories connected with eating habits, parts of the house, pieces of clothing; the original use of jewelry and perfumes; the magic of mirrors and glass; cures for hiccups and headaches; the "strong old charm" of bread and salt; the significance of every-day expressions; riddles and proverbs make this a book to enjoy as well as to consult for reference. There is no index, but the subject of each brief chapter is readily located through the table of contents. There are a short bibliography and a section of notes on the drawings.

GREENHEAD. By Louis Darling. Illustrated by the author. New York: William Morrow. 95 pp. $3.

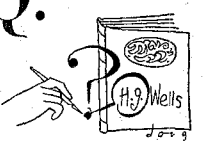
This is the story of a year in the life of Greenhead, a male mallard duck, his mate, and their ten ducklings. Early in July the ducklings were hatched on a swampy pond in Canada. Six of them were soon killed by natural enemies, a fish, a mink, and two hawks. The others spent the summer swimming and eating, growing large and strong. By late fall they were able to start the long and difficult flight to the gulf coast of Louisiana, where they were to winter on a wildlife reserve. Along their way they were shot at and killed by hunters so that only Greenhead finally reached this sanctuary. The next spring he was ready to fly back to Canada with a new mate and to start this cycle of life again.

Throughout this brief narrative is a great deal of factual information about the anatomy of ducks with emphasis on their wing structure and muscle arrangement, their food, flying habits, their natural and human enemies, the great migration flyways, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service banding stations.

The final section describes the balance of nature, the disasters that follow if this balance is upset, the extinction of the passenger pigeon and the great auk, and the near extinction of the buffalo and the trumpeter swan.

The book is beautifully and profusely illustrated with drawings and diagrams which add to its usefulness.

Your Literary I. Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE NAME IN FULL, PLEASE

Agnes McLean of Guelph, Ontario, offers twenty authors who chose to be known by their surnames preceded simply by initials. She asks you to note down what the initials stand for. Twelve correct christenings are not bad, thirteen better, and fourteen or more indication of an absorptive mind and a retentive memory. Answers on page 31.

1. T. S. Eliot
2. H. G. Wells
3. G. K. Chesterton
4. J. M. Barrie
5. W. S. Gilbert
6. W. H. Auden
7. J. B. Priestley
8. A. E. Housman
9. D. H. Lawrence
10. J. P. Marquand
11. E. M. Forster
12. W. W. Jacobs
13. P. G. Woodhouse
14. A. P. Herbert
15. W. H. Hudson
16. F. P. A(dams).
17. E. B. White
18. T. E. Lawrence
19. A. E. Coppard
20. J. M. Synge

Arms and the Man

Continued from page 15

eously. She shot down one close aboard . . . the other hit the port side of her flight deck, aft, ripping a 12 by 14 hole, destroying forty planes and killing nine men and wounding forty, six of them seriously. The *McDermut* wasn't damaged by the Jap, but by a five-inch shell of the *Missouri*'s, which plugged her just below the waterline; two dead, seven injured.

Poor "Dry I!" Lucky *Yorktown!*

At one point Bryan notes that, of "eleven CVs that started this operation with our task force, only six are left." The rest had been put out of action by *kamikases*. In the four months of combat covered by this tale, Lieutenant Commander Bryan recorded just about all the elements of sea-air warfare.

> The superstition: "Thirteen! . . . I can see thirteen shadows on the water. And this is my thirteenth mission . . ."
>
> The tension: "Secure blew. What a hell of a day!—three CQs, and we never fired a single round. It's the standing by, taut, that puts you through the wringer."
>
> The fatigue: "I was too beat up to argue . . . Still others were just sitting, dazed and glazed. I felt the same way. I flopped on my sack without even kicking off my shoes . . . Seeing Pat Patterson at supper. The poor devil is really beat up. He's usually nimble with knife and fork, but tonight he just stared at his food, then shoved the plate away and put his head on the table and went to sleep."

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BRYAN gives the regular officer a better break than most authors writing about the Navy at war. Of his captain, "If there is a better or more popular officer in the whole United States Navy I have yet to see him. It isn't enough for me to draw a lucky, friendly ship . . . Theda Combs turns out to be her skipper."

His warm liking for Admiral Arthur Radford is implicit throughout the book. On the flag bridge, Bryan inquired of the admiral when he thought his tour of duty would end. "I don't know," Radford replied. "I'd like to stay another year, but I don't think it's fair for me to have this wonderful experience and not share it with others."

But there is also the usual criticism

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of the Regulars. Of a four-stripe captain he writes: "An Annapolis man—I saw the Nugget on his knuckle, his class ring . . . Annapolis captains don't kid with Reserve lieutenant commanders." And of the Naval Academy: "A place where an innocent boy serves a four-year term, then spends the rest of his life committing crimes."

Unquestionably there was sound basis for some of this criticism, but it helps to distort the picture. Novelists must have their villains; all authors their whipping boys!

The most poignant scene comes near the end. Bryan has been on the bridge of *Hazlewood* talking to her skipper, who described himself as "the happiest guy in the whole goddam Navy"; he was going home. The next morning from the bridge of the *Attu,* Bryan looked across at a destroyer, "Her bridge was smashed flat. Her foremast hung over the side." He put his glass on her: "531"—*Hazlewood.*

For the reader who knows little of sea-air warfare, "Aircraft Carrier" is highly recommended as an informative, dramatic, and highly skilful job of writing a personal account of war; for the initiate, it will bring back a vicarious tension and an intimate pleasure akin to personal reminiscence.

Good question: Why was Lieutenant Commander Bryan "instructed" to keep a diary in violation of regulation? I wish someone had given me such instructions.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 565

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 565 will be found in the next issue.

MO ULOEO'T HCX

DLMPRTRDLX MC H QHC,

QHEEMHAO VMPP KOWOPRD

MU.—HCRC.

Answer to No. 564

Us country women make good wives. No matter what happens, we've seen worse.—Keith Jennison.

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The Past

Continued from page 19

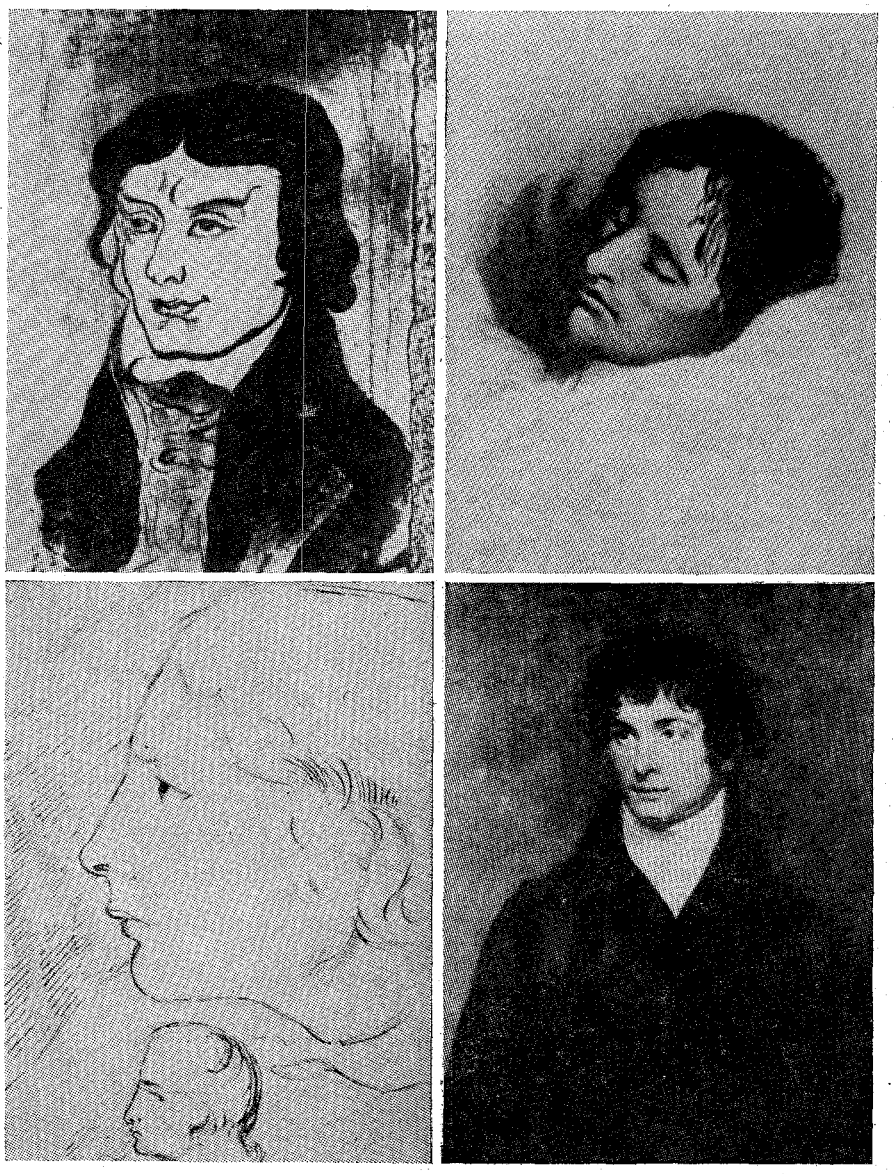
intellectual framework, "The Prophet Armed" is an able, moving, and fascinating portrait of one of the great makers of the history of our time, and of the stormy events in which he took so large and dramatic a part. The apologetics for Stalin and Stalinism in Deutscher's earlier work had the air of cold reluctance, as if they had been forced upon him by his dogmatic political position but were not congenial to his heart. But his admiration for Leon Trotsky is unforced and genuine. The writing takes on deeper dimensions. The research is more thorough and profound. Trotsky himself was less secretive and more self-revealing, and left behind a voluminous documentation of his deeds and his dreams. If the muses of Mr. Deutscher's earlier books were the dubious "bitch goddess Success" and the no less dubious simulacrum of Clio called "historical inevitability," the muse of "The Prophet Armed" is the muse of Tragedy.

In his introduction, Deutscher calls Trotsky's life a tragedy in the classical manner, with its hero "at the climax of his achievement as guilty and as innocent and as ripe for expiation as a protagonist in Greek drama." But in reality, the tragedy of Trotsky's life is more like that of a Renaissance hero than of a Greek protagonist. It is the man of action and thought, of pen and sword, the man who attains to greatness by stamping the imprint of his personality upon the history of the time. Like the hero of a Renaissance tragedy, Trotsky is the architect of his own deeds and follows the gleam of his own illusions into the dismal swamp of defeat and downfall. There is the same boundless thirst for power that is in Marlowe's heroes. The tragedy lies in the same defeat at the apparent moment of victory. And the defeat-in-victory springs not so much from conflict with the world as from the inner conflict between his noblest dreams and his ardent attempts to hurl himself and his countrymen into their achievement by means that are bound to bring about the defeat of those dreams.

Here again Deutscher hints that the means were "necessary" and that the antagonist who defeated and destroyed him really carried out Trotsky's work by Trotsky's means. ("When next the Prophet Unarmed is contemplated, the question will arise whether a strong element of victory was not concealed in his very defeat.") But, following the materials so richly provided by Trotsky's writings, speeches, recorded actions, and autobiographical writings, Mr. Deutscher has transcended the framework of his own conception of his hero and his deeds, and has produced a biographical history which is well organized, illuminating, compassionate, and fascinating to read. Those who have been repelled by the cold ruthlessness of his two works on Stalin would do well to try Deutscher again.

Notes

TOLSTOY ON HISTORY: No one can read "War and Peace" without attending to Tolstoy's frequent disquisitions on the philosophy of history and particularly on the relationship between heroic individuals on the one hand and the nameless forces of historical change on the other. This "historiosophical" speculation, as it is some-



At top, the Blake and Severn portraits. At bottom, Haydon and the school of Lawrence.

THE LOOK OF JOHN KEATS: Poet Donald Parson has turned out an unusual new book on John Keats, **"Portraits of Keats"** (World, $10), which attempts to establish once and for all what the author of "Ode on a Grecian Urn" really looked like. Mr. Parson makes use of ninety-four plates reproducing everything from a life-mask by Benjamin R. Haydon to a portrait by William Blake and the more famous "Lawrence school" painting of the poet. There is also a considerable amount of text dealing exclusively with Keats's physical appearance, concerning which there seems to be an extraordinary number of opinions. Mr. Parson explores them all. —W. M.

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times called, has often annoyed Tolstoy's purely literary critics who have regarded it as a somewhat inelegant intrusion into what is otherwise a serious work of art. Critics of a more sociological turn of mind, however, have respected it as something which merits the most careful appraisal. Isaiah Berlin, author of **"The Hedgehog and the Fox: An Essay on Tolstoy's View of History"** (Simon & Schuster, $2.50), is clearly a critic of the second sort.

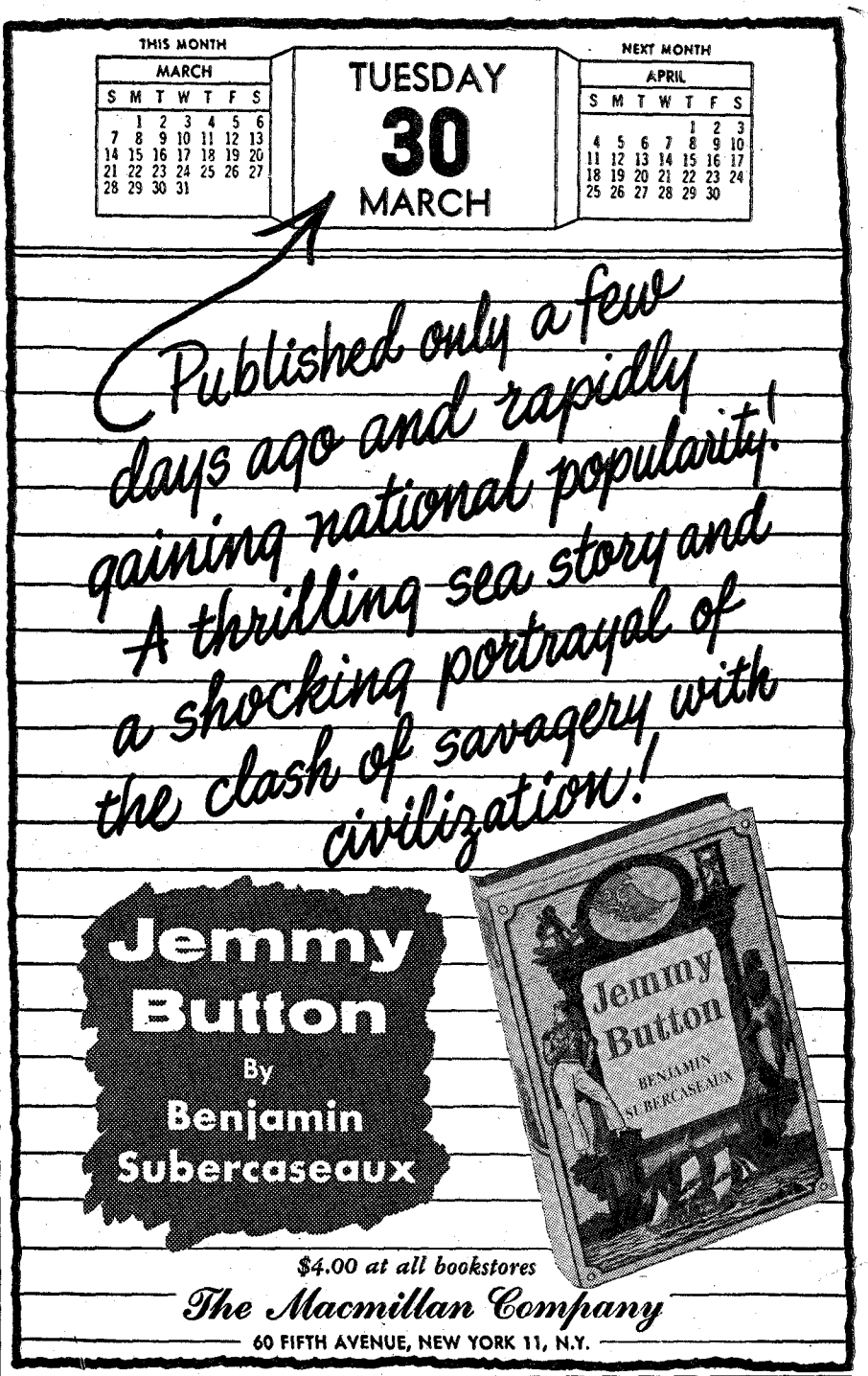
Mr. Berlin, a research fellow at All Souls College, Oxford, and currently a member of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton, has found in Archilochus, an ancient Greek poet, a line which says that "the fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing." He is suggesting here that Tolstoy had the sharp perception of the fox but desperately wanted the unitary view of the hedgehog. Tolstoy had a genius for seeing the infinitesimals of history and of personality, but he was irritated by his inability to find the integrative principle which would explain the process as a whole —the history of the race and the life of the individual.

This is Tolstoy's tragedy as a writer: "He is not, he is remote from being, a hedgehog; and what he sees is not the one, but, always with an ever-growing minuteness, in all its teeming individuality, with an obsessive, inescapable, incorruptible, all penetrating lucidity which maddens him, the many." —ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

COMMUNIST HISTORY AND POLICY: Commander Stephen King-Hall is known for his *National News-Letter*, published in Great Britain, which in 1952 issued a series of pamphlets on the history and policies of Communism. **"The Communist Conspiracy"** (Macmillan, $3) represents a skilful recombination of the material originally contained in these pamphlets. Essentially historic in content, the book was concluded before the event of Stalin's death; thus, its usefulness as background to current Soviet policies is comparatively limited. Commander King-Hall's style is dramatic; he has extensive knowledge of his

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Thomas Stearns, 2. Herbert George. 3. Gilbert Keith. 4. James Matthew. 5. William Schwenck. 6. Wystan Hugh. 7. John Boynton. 8. Alfred Edward. 9. David Herbert. 10. John Phillips. 11. Edward Morgan. 12. William Wymark. 13. Pelham Grenville. 14. Allan Patrick. 15. William Henry. 16. Franklin Pierce. 17. Elwyn Brooks. 18. Thomas Edward. 19. Alfred Edgar. 20. John Millington.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subject matter. With characteristic vigor, the author demands of the free world that it develop "something of that passion for and belief in the supreme importance of our cause which is characteristic of the devotees of the Communist creed." The volume's appendix contains a summary of Communist policy on atomic energy, and of Communist policy at the United Nations. —MARTIN EBON.

ROYAL RAKE: The idea that the royal family should be a symbol of respectability was an invention of Queen Victoria, and would have outraged some of her more adventurous ancestors. Victoria's uncle, the Prince Regent and later King George IV, for example, has preferred being the symbol of immorality and profligacy in an age that was hardened to both. He dazzled and finally disgusted London society by his endless escapades and infidelity. While Nelson expected every man to do his duty and Napoleon plotted England's downfall, the Prince Regent was waging his private war against his wife, Caroline, which ended in her trial before the House of Lords.

"The Great Corinthian: A Portrait of the Prince Regent," by Doris Leslie (Oxford University Press, $3.50), is a dull biography of this spoilt Prince, this corpulent Adonis, as Leigh Hunt called him. The wit and charm, which we are told he possessed, are lost in the ornate telling, and after the first fifty pages the reader grows weary of his affairs and mounting debts, even as the Prince himself had. Profligacy, like patriotism, is not enough, and we conclude with Queen Victoria that we are not amused.

—FRITZ STERN.

FROM CHATTEL TO PARTNER: Vera Brittain has written a superlatively good book, something of a model of its kind. **"Lady Into Woman"** (Macmillan, $3.25) is written in just the right mood, in the easiest and most attractive of styles, and is just the right length. From first to last it is intensely interesting and is crammed with useful information. The story which Miss Brittain tells constitutes perhaps the most remarkable series of social changes that have occurred within living memory: the transformation of the chattel-female into the comparatively free modern woman. This transformation Miss Brittain believes to be more significant and more beneficial than any other great constructive change during the last fifty years.

It has often been remarked that men cannot be free while one half (meaning woman) of the human race remains unfree. I know of no more effective proof of that statement than the story which Miss Brittain so vividly unfolds in this volume. The passage of lady into woman has been paralleled by the passage of gentleman into man, for as Miss Brittain shows with the increasing freedom of women increasing benefits have accrued to men—to everyone, to humanity. —ASHLEY MONTAGU.

ECCENTRIC ABROAD: It was Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, whom Franklin D. Roosevelt, in a possibly heady moment, lumped with Franklin and Jefferson as one of "the three greatest minds that America has produced." It was also Benjamin Thompson who very nearly cracked in two that carefully reasoned toleration of the mad, the eccentric, the egotistic, the irascible, and the amoral, which the eighteenth century cultivated toward its great men. In a short, neat biography, **"An American in Europe"** (Philosophical Library, $4.75), Egon Larsen, an accomplished British journalist, shows us how in his sixty-one years Thompson, who was born in 1753 in North Woburn, Massachusetts, became one of the scrubbiest and most brilliant men of his age.

Handsome, vain, inscrutable as teak, narrow-minded, serpentine, he spied for the British against his own country during the Revolutionary War; established throughout Europe the concept of beneficial self-help work centers for the poor; deserted one wife and the child who, in later years, was to be virtually his only friend, in spite of the fact that he repeatedly smothered her chances for marriage, and turned her into a queer, aimless spinster; designed and built the great English Garden in Munich; had two illegitimate children; founded the Royal Institution in London, the world's first research center for science; became an adept and lifelong bootlicker; put in practice, through innumerable and successful experiments with gunpowder, heat, light, nutrition, and domestic conveniences, the first principles of applied science; and habitually trampled on his friends, associates, and underlings.

He spent the last years of his life as a British subject and a secluded celebrity in a pleasant suburb of Paris in a house where his second illegitimate child was born.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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Fiction

Continued from page 16

different from his prep-school village.

Sixteen-year-old Cecile submitted to his tutoring, though she sometimes grew impatient with Horace, who "has been a corpse and worse for centuries." Perspective, outspoken, untamed, curious about grown-ups and their wickedness, she taught Mr. Twining, through her candor and curiosity, more than he was able to teach her. They make an interesting study in innocence: the precocious, unknowing girl and the imperviously naive schoolmaster. If Mr. Jones had not cluttered his novel with other excessive people and grotesque involvements, it would be a better book.

Hindu Haunts

***"The City and the Wave," by Jon Godden** (Rinehart. 245 pp. $3), tells of a lonely young Anglo-Indian living in Calcutta, who finds the fate promised him by an astrologer fulfilled in a fashion he could scarcely have expected.*

By John Frederick Muehl

IT WOULD be interesting to see the notes that were made by Jon Godden in the preparation of her novel "The City and the Wave." It is more than likely that, presented as an outline, the plan of the book would seem uncommonly good. Miss Godden's novel has an interesting setting. Its principal characters are both plausible and significant. Most of all, there is a clear and simple story line which has, at least in the abstract, much thematic force. But something happened in the writing of the book. Or perhaps it is precisely that nothing happened, nothing to round out the bare plot outline or to clothe the skeleton characters in flesh. "The City and the Wave" is good enough to raise serious expectations, but it is strangely lacking in evocative power. It remains a diagram, quite sound, quite lifeless.

The chief character is Len Chase, a young Anglo-Indian who lives in the crowded slums of Calcutta, alone and lonely, ingrown and embittered, lacking family and friends, lacking even an identity. Under the influence of an astrologer he becomes increasingly obsessed with the idea that Calcutta is to be destroyed by a tidal wave which will sweep up from the

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This uninhibited volume started out to be a sober biography of that incredible man, Sadakichi Hartmann, art critic, poet, and moocher extraordinary, who for some eighty years never once retracted his ardent claim to genius. With the bibulous help of several friends, including John Barrymore, W. C. Fields and John Decker, Gene Fowler somehow never finished that masterly life story. Instead, he gives us an utterly delightful and zany account of those gatherings when Hartmann's alleged friends met to pay him ribald homage, to outdrink each other when possible, and to indulge in some of the funniest and wildest discussions ever to be set down in a book.

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sea as the monsoons break, and wreak the right and inevitable judgment of God. All this is changed by Marie. Like him, she is an outcast. Lacking a place of her own, she moves in with Len, who accepts her grudgingly and marries her finally out of a sense of obligation. When Marie conceives Len is brought back to reality, first by shock, then more gradually by love. The book ends on this note of affirmation; the monsoons are breaking and the child has been born.

Why is it, then, that the book is so flat? Most probably it is because of the way Len is handled. What is particularly lacking is that love of character which one sees so abundantly in Graham Greene, for example. Len is treated throughout the book like a laboratory animal. His feelings are described, but they are never shared. One even senses an unconscious abhorrence on the part of Miss Godden for the world Len inhabits. There are tell-tale lapses of viewpoint. What it all adds up to is that Miss Godden wants to wring tears from her audience while remaining dry-eyed herself. Unfortunately, a reading of "The City and the Wave" offers substantial proof that it cannot be done.

Fiction Notes

EARLY SIMENONS: Georges Simenon, his publishers have been complaining, is "the man without a best seller." Apparently they have now sought to change his luck by calling him "Victor Kosta." Kosta or Simenon, the product has the same unmistakable distinction. **"On Land and Sea"** (Hanover House, $3.50) is the title given to this volume, which contains two short novels, the French editions of which evidently date back to 1933 and 1932. Whatever the date of its birth, "On Land and Sea" is entirely undimmed by the onset of time. The flawless quality of these two little gems of suspense is enhanced by the impeccable services of their translators: Geoffrey Sainsbury and Stuart Gilbert.

Of the two tales—called "Danger Ashore" and "Danger at Sea"—the first is perhaps the more exceptional. It spins out an episode in the life of Adil Zeki Bey, a lonely Turkish consul at the Black Sea port of Batum. The time seems to be that of the Twenties, but the web of horror that envelops Adil has a high sense of the immediate present. Simenon suffuses his story with the squalor of the Russian oil port and the feeling of utter hopelessness that infects its inhabitants. Adil is dogged by the OGPU, ignored by the populace, tripped up by the local bureaucrats. He falls in love, and the outcome of his attachment is the ghastly climax of a sustained wave of tension.

Whereas "Danger Ashore" is preoccupied with the mind of a lonely man, its companion piece embraces a more variegated chunk of character and incident. In an extroverted mood, Simenon tells an intricate tale of murder and mistaken identity aboard a Norwegian freighter. That the action takes a firm clamp on the reader's imagination is in large part due to the novelist's flair for etching character. The passengers and crew of the S.S. *Polarlys* are motley but memorable.

"On Land and Sea" is vintage stuff indeed. Maybe Hanover House (which is really Doubleday) will give Kosta (who is really Simenon) a best seller at last. —MARTIN LEVIN.

CONTINENTAL DESIGN FOR LIVING: The *ménage à trois* seems fated to be used repeatedly as a symbol of the "complexity" of Europeans as opposed to the cultural innocence of Americans. Perhaps in 1903 the situation had its shock value, but since the immense horrors of the two world wars this classic domestic arrangement no longer seems desperate enough to epitomize the terrible cross-purposes at work in modern society. In Catherine Hutter's latest novel, **"The Alien Heart"** (Holt, $3), Robbie, an American boy living on the Riviera with his mother, believes he has found the meaning and essence of Continental living in the glamour and tension of just such a situation. His mother's friend Sophie, an Austrian who has "married beneath her," is living alternately and openly with her socialist husband, Eugene, and with her lover, Victor, an incipient fascist. Robbie's heart is presumably alienated from his more staid homeland because of Sophie's superior fascination. Only when Robbie has seen her, after the war, ravaged by years of refugee living, does he renounce the wickedness of Europe for the elms of Massachusetts. Excellent political conversation does much to reinforce a book whose situation is tenuous and whose characters are only fitfully interesting. —NICOLAS MONJO.

FATEFUL VOYAGE: The *Katy Dee*, in Gordon Webber's **"The Far Shore"** (Little, Brown, $3.50), is an ancient freighter berthed at a rotted pier in Liverpool in 1944. She has been brought from her placid runs in Gulf waters to take part in the forthcom-

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ing invasion of Europe. Her destination is unknown—call it the Far Shore. So is her fate, though there are some sticky rumors that the ten wire baskets spot-welded in the holds are eventually to contain enough amatol to blow the *Katy Dee* to an even Farther Shore.

When time and doubts about their future hang over the heads of the men of the *Katy Dee*'s two crews—merchant and Navy—they alternate between nostalgia and jitter. (An exception is the middling mad old messman Fraker, who is happy enough taking care of his pet chickens and listening to the beautiful voices of imaginary creatures he calls Lovelies.)

The jitteriness often expends itself in brawls, on ship and on shore. The nostalgia is almost always for a pastoral past. Life on a farm may not be the captain's paradise (he's a tough veteran of the old Norwegian square-rigger days who talks like Anna Christie's father), but it's the bosun's, mate's, second mate's, and third engineer's.

All men are lonely, says Mr. Webber, and he writes of men whose loneliness is made even more acute by war and the sea, and who find, some of them, sometimes, that loneliness shared is loneliness no longer, but love. In atmosphere and action "The Far Shore" is more convincing than it is in characterization and dialogue. Mr. Webber, who took part in the invasion and lived for several days in a scuttled freighter off Omaha Beach, undoubtedly knows men like Lamb and Lombardo and Rachun and Morgan and Jarvis and Ball, but there are many other writers who have known men like them, too, and have written of them with more drama and depth (as Monsarrat has written of their English equivalents).

—MAURICE DOLBIER.

CON-MEN AND SUCH: Kenneth Fearing has served up clever assortments of chills and churls in several previous books but trips over his own machinery in his new one, **"The Generous Heart"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3). Meant to be sinister, it is only flashily dull. Its gears grind; its wheels dizzy rather than baffle; its wiring sputters rather than shocks.

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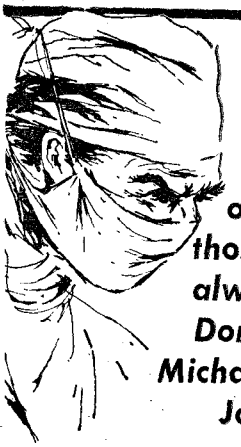
Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CAROLINE AFFAIR *C. H. Gibbs-Smith* (Viking: $2.75)	Resistance alumna (British) takes psychiatric treatment; doctor learns much.	Literate and exciting tour includes London, Paris, Venice.	Large plus mark
A POCKET FULL OF RYE *Agathie Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	London tycoon poisoned; two more go; Insp. Neele and Miss Marple get nosey.	Author's 59th finds the old sleight-of-hand still operating.	Smooth as mellow port
A SHILLING FOR CANDLES *Josephine Tey* (Macmillan: $2.50)	British movie gal slain; Insp. Grant finds payoff in barber-shop.	First published, 1936, in London, yarn here makes US bow.	Nice bric-a-brac
THE VICTIM WAS IMPORTANT *Joe Rayter* (Scribner: $2.50)	SF lady psychiatrist knocked off; Pvt. Eye Johnny Powers is called in.	Roster of suspects not wholly plausible; pace not too speedy.	Average
TEN PERFECT CRIMES *Hank Sterling* (Stravon: $2)	Ten US fact cases (Rothstein, Black Dahlia, Crater, Elwell, Brink, *et al.*), all unsolved.	Excellent selection, but treatment is hasty, superficial.	Sketchy
WAIT LONG, WAIT STILL *Maud M. Thomas* (Arcadia: $2.50)	West Coast marine museum locale of dire doings that dither visiting co-eds.	Not too well organized, but has nice tone, tempo, cops.	Plus mark
SHE WOKE TO DARKNESS *Brett Halliday* (Torquil: $2.50)	Michael Shayne flies to NY to get his Watson out of murder jam.	Author's 25th brings in fellow-MWA members; story within story.	Novelty number
I WAS A HOUSE DETECTIVE *Dev Collans with Stewart Sterling* (Dutton: $3)	Retired hotel dick (now called security officer) tells all, almost.	Inside view does not boost reader's faith in human nature.	Honest, informing job

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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men to muscle in on a legitimate enterprise whose business is to raise funds for charity drives. The "daylight stick-up" involves a hit-run accident, a couple of jars of deadly acid, a murder syndicate, blackmail, and enough complicated talk to require the services of a dozen Philadelphia lawyers. Mr. Fearing does not make matters easier by having six different persons narrate elements of his yarn.

All this is not to say that he does not have the material for a successful teaser. The world of "organized moaning and licensed panhandling" is a reasonably fresh area for the satirical skulduggeries of which he is capable. But the maniacs and morons here assembled (the beginning is unexplained, the middle is unbelievable, the ending is unendurable) are not deserving of his time—or yours.

—CHARLES LEE.

TORIES OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY: The Revolutionary fighting in upper New York State was bitterly savage, involving as it did the use of Loyalist and Indian irregulars. Since crisply detailed action is one of John Brick's specialties, his novel describing this gory epoch gives generous scope to his talents. Those who have read Walter Edmond's "Drums Along the Mohawk" will recognize familiar topography in **"The King's Rangers"** (Doubleday, $3.75). But the resemblance ends with the historical fabric, for Mr. Brick's view of the fighting in the Mohawk Valley is from the Tory side. Thus it is that the villains of one piece turn out to be the heroes of another. The embattled Continentals are seen by the Tories as "tyrants who are in rebellion against a just and generous Crown." And Butler's Loyalist raiders, who are elsewhere treated as bloodthirsty destructives, emerge in Mr. Brick's account as patriotic Rangers, fighting in a just but lost cause. Mr. Brick permits himself the luxury of creating one purely fictional character, a young Ranger named Dan Millard, whom he skilfully maneuvers through an authentic network of historical fact. Millard fights in the Rangers' many battles, which are described with such acrid intensity that you can almost sniff the musket powder. Along the way he marries a part-Indian lass, and eventually the two join the Loyalist exodus to Canada. "The King's Rangers" opens with Butler's successful ambush of General Herkimer's militia, and it ends with the annihilation of the Rangers in their last foray. Between the two encounters Mr. Brick compresses a multitude of breakneck incidents that makes his book a blood-and-thunder pleasure to read.

—M. L.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS. Edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Funk & Wagnalls. $7.50. A facsimile edition of the original testimony that was taken down in the courtroom during the trial held in May and June of 1865.

ASSIGNMENT: PRISON RIOTS. By Peg and Walter McGraw. Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. A report, with all the lights turned on, on the present conditions of our prisons, with special attention paid to the outcropping of prison riots in the past couple of years. The book is based on a series of documentary programs put together for the NBC.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By Gerald Stourzh. University of Chicago Press. $4.50. An examination of Franklin's thinking and actions as a formulator of foreign policy in his own time.

BIOGRAPHY OF A BANK. By Marquis James and Bessie Rowland. Harper & Bros. $5. The bank is the Bank of America, begun by A. P. Giannini, the son of an Italian immigrant, on the sidewalks of San Francisco after the earthquake of 1906. Before he died, Giannini saw it become the country's largest and most trusted banking firm.

BRAMTON WICK. By Elizabeth Fair. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3.50. Some rather pale and leafy tea about the goings on in Bramton Wick, where there are dog shows, garden parties, magnificent gossippings, and two gentle ladies looking for husbands.

DAWN ON OUR DARKNESS. By Emmanuel Robles. Julian Messner. $3.75. A French novel about a doctor in a small Sardinian village who shields his brother after the latter has committed murder, and in so doing nearly wrecks his own career.

A FEAST FOR THE FORGIVEN. By Vurrel Yentzen. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. This is a very thick bit of porridge about the growing up of a Cajun girl, who, before she is of age, witnesses such delights as the death of her kittens, rape, murder, and dogs in heat.

CLARENCE. The Life of a Sparrow. By Clare Kipps. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50. A biography of a dear sparrow named Clarence, who came one day to live with a London widow, and did not leave until he died twelve years later.

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE BIRDS OF BRITAIN AND EUROPE. By Roger Tory Peterson, Guy Mountfort, and P. A. D. Hollom. Houghton Mifflin Co. $5. The first pocket guide for the region ever published. Over 1,100 illustrations, with 600 in full color, and 367 distribution maps.

FOR WHOM THE CLOCHE TOLLS: A Scrap-Book of the Twenties. By Angus Wilson and Philippe Julian. British Book Centre. $2.50. Mr. Wilson having some fun with the Twenties in England.

GALVESTON ISLAND or A Few Months Off the Coast of Texas. By Francis Sheridan. Edited by Willis W. Pratt. University of Texas Press. $3.50. The journal of a young Irishman in the British diplomatic service who was sent to Texas in 1839 to look the Republic over before it was given official British recognition.

THE HISTORIAN AND THE ARMY. By Kent Roberts Greenfield. Rutgers University Press. $2.50. An account of how the 100-volume history of the last war is being written by the War Department, by the general editor.

HOLD CLOSE THE DAY. By Isabel Banford Black. Crown Publishers. $3. A tree grows in Brooklyn and New York at the turn of the century. There are Dody, who likes to gamble, and his Lavinia, and their three children. There are creditors, many moves, humiliation, scorning relatives, tears, and laughter.

HOW TO JUDGE A SCHOOL. By William F. Russell. Harper & Bros. $2. A guide on how to tell a good school from a bad one, what is progressive and what is traditional in educational methods, and what is training of the mind and what is finger painting.

ISLANDS OF NEW ENGLAND. By Hazel Young. Little, Brown & Co. $5. A slow walk through the islands that stretch from St. Croix on the Canadian border to Rhode Island's Block Island, including brief paragraphs on each island's history, daily life, accessibility, and tourism.

THE JOURNEY. By Lillian Smith. World Publishing Co. $3.50. An autobiography by the author of "Strange Fruit."

THE LAST LOVE OF CAMILLE. By Frances Winwar. Harper & Bros. $3.50. Miss Winwar, a capable historical novelist, here recreates the life of Alphonsine Duplessis, the "Camille" of Dumas *fils*'s novel of the same name. Camille, or rather Mlle. Duplessis, was, of course, a renowned Parisian courtesan who, most of her waking life, loved Franz Liszt.

LOST CONTINENTS. By L. Sprague de Camp. Gnome Press. $5. An objective examination of all the theories, from Plato on down, that men have talked, scientifically and mistily, through the centuries about the lost continents, the lost dreams.

THE MEASURE OF MAN. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50. Mr. Krutch's second survey of the state of our culture. "The Modern Temper," published twenty-five years ago, was the first.

MEN OF COLDITZ. By P. R. Reid. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.95. More hair-raisings about life in a castle as a prisoner of war in the recent affray. A sequel to "The Colditz Story."

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY. By L. Minor Blackford. Harvard University Press. $5. A biography, by her great grandson, of Mary Berkley Minor Blackford, a great Southern lady who hated slavery, helped found the American Colonization Society, and gave five sons to the Confederate Armies.

THE MODERN RENAISSANCE IN AMERICAN ART. By Ralph M. Pearson. Harper & Bros. $6. A critical history of what the author believes to be the current Renaissance in American art, with detailed examinations of expressionism, realism, surrealism, the abstracts and non-objectives.

THE OLD COUNTRY STORE. By Gerald Carson. Oxford University Press. $5. A relaxed, by-the-fire, inquiry into that old and lost culture, the American general store, which is, at the same time, a loose history of retail merchandising from 1790 to 1921. The author is a retired advertising man.

OUR BROTHER THE SUN. By Basil Burwell. Hermitage House. $3.75. A very crisp rasher of bacon about a last-century Yankee, Cleon Brown, who betrayed a Northern whaling fleet to the Confederates, slipped his ballast, and went to South America, where he became one El Oro—lover, revolutionary, and martyr.

PASTENE'S AUTO GUIDE TO EUROPE. By Jerome Pastene. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4.50. A complete dossier on wheeling around Europe: roads, hotels, licenses, gas, insurance, where to rent, where to buy, etc.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST STORIES: 1953. Random House. $3. The ninth annual collection of stories from the *Post*. This year's crop has twenty items, written by such as Bill Mauldin, Kay Boyle, Sally Carrighar, MacKinlay Kantor, and Conrad Richter.

THE SPANIARD. By Paul Pettit. Harper & Bros. $3. A seven-league entertainment about a Spaniard out to avenge his sister's death by raping.

SULLIVAN BITES THE NEWS. By Frank Sullivan and Sam Berman. Little, Brown & Co. $2. A collection of Mr. Sullivan's inside-out short news items, many of which have graced the pages of *The New Yorker*. Samples: a child helps a lost policeman; parents run away from home; an eccentric does not leave his wealth to his pets, and many such other wrinkleballs.

U. S. GRANT AND THE AMERICAN MILITARY TRADITION. By Bruce Catton. Little, Brown & Co. $3. Mr. Catton, fresh from the National Book Award ceremonies, has here put together a biography of General Grant, a man whose life has been well befogged by misinformation down the years. Special attention is paid Grant's place in our military traditions.

THE UNMARRIED MOTHER IN OUR SOCIETY. By Sara B. Edlin. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. A study, by the director of the Lakeview Home for unwed mothers, of the changing attitudes toward such unfortunates, and of some of the practical steps that can be taken.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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This Is the U.S.A.

The way to see America is from a lower berth about two in the morning. You've just left a station—it was the jerk of pulling out that woke you—and you raise the curtain a bit between thumb and forefinger to look out. You are in the middle of Kansas or Arizona, in the middle of the space where the freight cars spend the night and the men drink coffee out of cans. Then comes the signal tower, some bushes, a few shacks and—nothing. You see the last blue switch-light on the next track, and beyond is America—dark and grassy, or sandy, or rocky—and no one there. Nothing but the irrational universe with you in the center trying to reason it out. It's only ten, fifteen minutes since you've left a thriving town but life has already been swallowed up in that ocean of matter which is and will remain as wild as it was made.

—By Jacques Barzun, from "God's Country and Mine" (Little, Brown).

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The Thirty-Day Wonders

FROM HOBOKEN TO HOLLYWOOD WITH A BRITISH PROFESSOR

By D. W. BROGAN, *a notable British author who has racked up more miles in pursuit of the true America than any of his countrymen since Sir Walter Raleigh. He lays down here a thirty-day trail designed for foreign visitors, an itinerary that will prove just as useful to an American in search of his own land.*

"THE GRAND TOUR"—the "very word is like a knell" recalling, as it does, what were if not happier, at any rate more confident days. For the "grand tour" was obligatory for all who could afford it and some who could not. (We must remember Oliver Goldsmith wandering over Europe with his flute as well as James Boswell of Auchinleck with his fine clothes and his inflated position as a son of a Senator of the College of Justice.) Obligatory for all who aspired to the rank of cultivated gentleman. Squire Western did not. But, as Dr. Johnson's visit to Paris and his longing to visit Italy showed, as the example of Montesquieu and Goethe showed, the grand tour was part of the necessary education of the cultivated man.

"Home keeping youths have ever homely wits" and there have been incessant speculations to the effect that Shakespeare did the grand tour, that he knew Italy at first hand. Not all grand tourists went with such high cultivated motives. Many learned only what Dr. Johnson said Chesterfield taught his grand tourist son, "the morals of a whore and the manner of a dancing master"; many made, in the late nineteenth century, the "tournée des grand ducs," a mixture of "le high life" and the low.

But, in whatever form, the grand tour was a necessity and one that became necessary for Americans. It is a long time since Jefferson went to Italy and tried to get James Madison to run over to Paris for the summer and even quite a long time since Tom Appleton said: "Good Americans when they die, go to Paris." But all that is a thing of the past. Currency difficulties, poverty, passports, curtains of various kinds of impermeable kinds of materials are barriers erected since the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry and quondam Irish patriot, made his lordly way across Europe, leaving a train of renamed inns behind him. "Westward the course of tourism takes its way," or it would if law and economic practice permitted it. They impose impediment; whether the British Treasury or the McCarran Act is the more formidable obstacle to the westward movement of the tourist trade is hard to say. In any case, it will be assumed for the purposes of this article that both obstacles have been overcome and that a moderately well-off, educated man or woman is as free to spend his or her money in America as he was in 1939 and that the legal obstacles are no greater.

These are bold assumptions, but any plan for a tour of America must, these days, have an element of make-believe and if it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive (I don't agree) it is better to travel in the mind than not at all (I do agree).

Now, putting apart all the obstacles that keep people from Prague and Leningrad, what will the European tourist want to see and what should he be encouraged to look for? First of all, it is to be asserted that we are dealing with the genuine tourist, not with the author in search of the material for a book, not the scholar or scientist on his way to a library or laboratory, not the businessman in search for orders or for the secrets of know-how. The people I have in mind are deemed to want to go to the United States for the same reasons that they wanted to go to Monte Carlo or Rome or Madrid, to loaf and invite their souls or, at any rate, to see the world and that particular slab of it which we call the United States.

The itinerary must be non-utilitarian in the sense that it will not produce visible results, or be the kind of thing that a great foundation will knowingly subsidize. The benefits must be interior. The traveler should come home with his head and even his heart filled, but not with his notebook or even his camera. Let him rely rather on the "inward eye that is the joy of solitude," think inwardly of the parched mountain sides of New Mexico or the drenched forests of the Pacific Northwest. It is a tourist that we are thinking of. That antique and respectable London body, the happily named "Society of the Dilettanti," had a rule that no one could be a member who had not been (as a gentleman) to Italy (true, it deemed Avignon to be Italy). That is the proper spirit; let us assume there is a society of the "Nuovi Dilettanti" whose membership is confined to those who have gone to America and have gone unprofessionally. What advice would its president give a candidate, anxious to qualify for membership, and also anxious to make his probationary visit a good thing in itself?

THE first thing he must be told is that, even in the mere month allotted to him, he must cover *all* the great regions. He must not be put off by specious arguments that he would do better to concentrate on a region, a state, or a city. He must come back with a living sense of the *size* of America. Until he has felt that San Francisco is farther from New York than London is from Moscow, till he has grasped the paradox that Bismarck and New Orleans are in the same country, although they differ more than Oslo and Rome, he will not come home with the feel of America.

This is one case in which the butter had better be spread thinly. Otherwise he may forget just how much bread there is. He must see the South, the Coast, then Middle West, New England, as well as the practically obligatory New York and Washington. He must remember that he is dealing with a nation that is the greater part of a continent. And, a point that Americans will find hard to realize, it is extraordinarily difficult for Europeans to remember this. Even a veteran American traveler (as I think I may now claim to be) continually forgets this, plans journeys that take far longer than he foresees, simply because it is natural to think of San Francisco as being practically as close to Seattle as Lyons is to Paris or Manchester to London. The only way to make this basic fact sink into the tourist's head is to make him realize that this is a *grand* tour indeed, that in his month he will have to go at least ten thousand miles.

And he must not only cover the ten thousand miles; he must do it by more

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than one method of travel. He must use trains, buses, planes, and, if it can be managed, a car. He must get to know motels as well as hotels; sample, if possible, the Boston and Maine as well as the Southern Pacific. The most questionable of these recommendations is that he must use a plane. There are two reasons why he must. He must, first of all, get to realize how much Americans use planes; he must get to know how patient Americans can be in airports and air terminals; if he has any illusion that everything goes like clockwork in America, air travel will cure him. The second reason is one of time. In his month he can't cover the minimum ground without flying.

I suggest that he ought to fly back from the Coast and on other occasions take one or more local trips. He will not only move faster (if he is lucky), but the single flight, from coast to coast, will (if he makes it towards the end of his tour) reinforce the impression of size. That impression would be still more enforced if he makes the trip in winter, for to fly off from San Francisco on Christmas Day, with an almost balmy breeze coming off the Bay, and see the Great Salt Lake iron gray in many thousands of miles of snow, Chicago ice-bound, and Washington in a clammy drizzle all on one trip, does make one feel that the United States is big and varied. But it is idle to expect the genuine tourist to come to America in winter; if he does he will be wise to make for California or Florida and stay there. But even in summer the shock of leaving, say, Los Angeles and arriving in New York is enough to make the point.

HOW should the tourist get to America? If he has time, that is if he hasn't to count the trip to and fro as part of his month, then he should go by ship. For he has time to adjust himself, to notice when he is in American waters, usually south of Newfoundland, when the sky, the air, the water can suddenly, even for the veteran, have a new look telling that this is a new world. But if time is pressing, then fly; the shock will be greater, especially if the traveler flies in summer from the paintlike green fastnesses of Ireland to the parched soil of any part of the United States.

So; the traveler covers all the great regions and he does it by a variety of means. But what does he look at in those regions? First of all he looks at America. He looks at its size and at its variety. But then he looks, or ought to look, at those American features of the landscape that can't be paralleled in Europe. There are some "musts"; they may be hackneyed and obvious; that is so because they are *musts*. There is the most prodigious of American "sights" and the least like anything in Europe, the Grand Canyon. It is better to see it from the ground, even to stop off and go down to the turbid Colorado. But even from the air (if you plan your return flight right) it is a prodigious sight.

Then there is Niagara. No doubt if you have seen the Victoria Falls you can omit this (as Baedeker used to say of Cambridge for those who had to choose between it and Oxford). But few will be in that position, so Niagara must be seen. Then the Mississippi. But whereas the Grand Canyon and Niagara are to be seen as works of nature, the Mississippi is to be seen as a work of nature immortalized in a great work of art. For you can be pretty certain that the dilettante whom I have in mind knows and admires and probably loves "Huckleberry Finn." If he doesn't, he shouldn't be encouraged to do a tour *grand* or *petit* in America. He will or won't like it for the wrong reasons.

It is desirable, then, for the tourist to plan his journey so as to see a good deal of the Mississippi (and of the Missouri if he can). He can take a bus or drive from St. Louis to the Twin Cities or cut across from St. Louis to Kansas City. In any case, St. Louis is a must; it is central; it is very American; it is a border city; and it has the junction of the two great rivers at its back door. A Frenchman remembering the union of the Rhone and the Saône, an Englishman remembering the junction of the Thames and Cherwell, may murmur some equivalent of the Biblical heresy about Abana and Pharphar, but he will have to admit that the Mississippi and the Missouri are different.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE: It looks like the biggest year for travel since Noah launched the Ark. It has been the practice for *SR* to send its editors to far-flung corners to report the news of music, theatre, art, travel, and foreign affairs. In this issue these reporters turn to the scene at home, aided by Cambridge professor D. W. Brogan; Paris columnist of the *New York Herald Tribune*, Art Buchwald; Joseph Wood Krutch, author of "The Desert Year"; frequent *SR* contributor Bernard Kalb; and famous photographers Andreas Feininger, Ansel Adams, and Samuel Chamberlain. While making no attempt at complete coverage of the U.S.A., this score of pages has been gathered as suggested answers to the wanderlust borne seasonally and inevitably on the April winds.

If he sees St. Louis, should he also see Chicago? Of course. First of all, Chicago is still the second American city in size and is likely to remain so, for some years at least. In a sense it is more "American" than New York and it is one of those great inland, continental cities remote from salt water that the Englishman and even the Frenchman finds it hard to realize exist. If the planning is good, he should sail to Detroit, even to Cleveland, but certainly to Detroit. For although our *dilettante* is barred from having a notebook or revealing to his compatriots, on the strength of two days in Detroit plus three hours in Flint, the secret of American industrial supremacy, he will want to see the great show that Detroit is. After all, his spiritual ancestors went to Sèvres and the Lyons silk mills; visitors to England less usually but not infrequently visited Manchester as well as Oxford. Our visitor is coming to see *America* and he can't be said to have done so without having seen an assembly line. This is as compulsory and as desirable as it was, a generation ago, to visit the Chicago stockyards. In the same way, the tourist *must* see one of the great engineering feats, Hoover Dam, or Grand Coulee, or the less magnificent but perhaps more impressive achievements of the TVA. They, with the New York skyline, are the greatest works of man's hands he will see in America and he should be a pilgrim to them, as his predecessors were to the Pont du Gard or the Colosseum, or as Mark Twain was to the splendid Paris of Napoleon III.

BUT WHERE is the place and time for culture? *This* is culture. But if you mean art and music and pictures, well a lot depends on natural taste. I know the head of a great British family who has spent exactly one week in America and all of it in the Metropolitan Museum. I don't recommend this. But a tourist might well look in at the Metropolitan or some of the other great galleries, not to look at the exhibits, but at how they are exhibited, to learn what a modern gallery or museum could be like and should be like. Should he look in at festivals of culture, at Tanglewood or Aspen? No. He has come to see America, not to listen to or even just look at *virtuosi*. That doesn't mean that he is not to have some diversions. Far from it. He must see baseball (especially a must for Englishmen who will for the first time see really good fielding). If the season permits, he should see some great intercollegiate game, basketball or football or rowing. The crowd is

(*Continued on page* 55)

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Drama in the Land

By HENRY HEWES

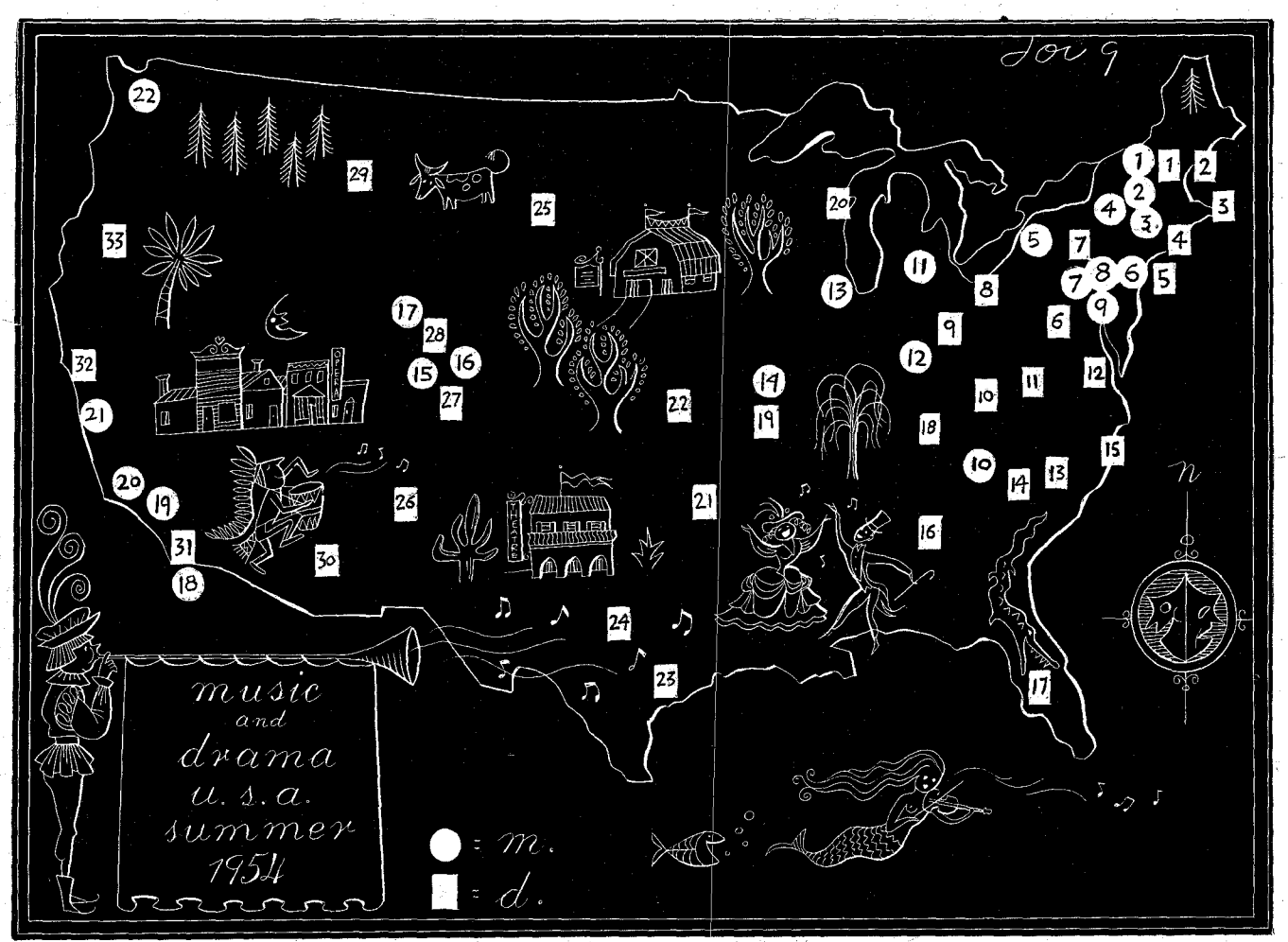
WHEN one looks at the summer theatre entertainments available to domestic vacationers one finds a surprisingly large proportion of early American history, Shakespeare, and Sigmund Romberg. While none of these may be a satisfactory substitute for a summer romance, at least there is no more promising method of beginning a love match than under the guise of acquiring "culture" at an open-air tribute to such broadly accepted gods.

The summer historical drama or pageant is for the most part an outgrowth of the work of Paul Green at the University of North Carolina and Bert Hanson, Montana State. They and their cohorts have succeeded in getting productions for numerous spectacles that glorify some particular person or event in the founding and settlement of our country. For instance, at Manteo, North Carolina, "The Lost Colony," the story of the birth of Virginia Dare, the first English child born in the New World, will be presented for the fourteenth consecutive season from June 26 through Sept. 5. Elsewhere in North Carolina there will be found for a similar period: Kermit Hunter's "Unto These Hills," which is the story of the Cherokee Indians, at Cherokee; the same author's "Horn in the West," a drama of the Southern Appalachian highlands at Boone; Hubert Hayes's "Thunderland," based on the life of Daniel Boone at Asheville; and Florette Henri's "Sword of Gideon," commemorating the Revolutionary Battle of King's Mountain at King's Mountain National Park near Gastonia. In addition, Paul Green has announced that he expects his latest work, "The Highland Call," the story of the Scottish heroine Flora MacDonald, to be produced this summer in the vicinity of Fort Bragg near Fayetteville.

In nearby states, Mr. Green's "The Common Glory," based on Thomas Jefferson and his efforts to further the creation of a democratic government in America, will play at Mantoaka Lake Amphitheatre, Williamsburg, Virginia, for the seventh season. Over at Logan, West Virginia, mid-August will see the annual presentation of "The Aracoma Story," Thomas Patterson's pageant of the lovely daughter of Shawnee Chief Cornstalk and her romance with the British renegade Bolling Baker.

Elsewhere in America there are similar commemorative events which include: "The Old Homestead," given July 9, 10, and 11 at the Potash Bowl in Swanzey, New Hampshire; "The Bell and the Plow," celebrating the life of Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, which will be given in conjunction with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra at the University of Arizona auditorium April 28, 29, and 30; and finally, three pageants which are part of Bert Hanson's Montana State University project begun eight years ago. These are: the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the creation of the Nebraska Territory, given at Fort Benton, Montana, July 3, 4, and 5; a drama depicting the history and growth of the copper industry presented at Anaconda, Montana, July 31 and Aug. 1; and a commemoration

(*Continued on page* 53)



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Music in the Land

By IRVING KOLODIN

UNLIKE the European pattern, where festivals are planned specifically as tourist lures, the American variety has usually grown from an activity of local interest to one of broader scope. As a pertinent example, consider the May Festival at Ann Arbor. With the Philadelphia Orchestra performing in each of the six concerts (one each on Thursday, April 29, and Friday, April 30, and two each on Saturday and Sunday) under the direction of Eugene Ormandy and Thor Johnson, and a list of soloists that includes Lily Pons, Artur Rubinstein, Zinka Milanov, Blanche Thebom, and William Warfield, this is obviously a suitable objective for anyone's travel. Yet it is the *sixty-first* annual affair in Ann Arbor, which means that it was going on long before it could have been a focus of national attention. In addition to miscellaneous orchestral-and-soloist programs, the sequence includes Chavez's "Ballad of the Sun" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

Early May brings the Festival of American Music at the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, New York, with Dr. Howard Hanson as principal conductor. Also traditional in May is the Bach Festival at Bethlehem, for which the dates now fixed are May 13-15 and 21-22.

Mid-June brings a resumption of the annual musical activity of the Tamiment Institute, at Tamiment, Pa., in the sylvan reaches of the Poconos. The Curtis String Quartet will be featured in a series of concerts from June 24 to 27 during which time a prize-winning quartet (the judging is now in progress) will have its premiere. Other music will be heard each Thursday night during the summer.

As befits the city with the biggest population (and the biggest deficit) in the country, New York provides music both free and practically: the first in Central Park almost throughout the summer, beginning on May 30, with the first in the series of four Naumburg Concerts, and from June 18 on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays by the Goldman Band (Prospect Park in Brooklyn offers the same attraction on Thursdays and Saturdays); and the second in Lewisohn Stadium on the campus of the City College of New York by the Stadium Orchestra (virtually the same personnel as the Philharmonic-Symphony) beginning on June 21. Sir Adrian Boult comes from England to initiate the series, and he will be followed by Pierre Monteux, Alexander Smallens, and Thomas Scherman, with specialists for the various pop events Saturday nights. Prices in the sweeping concrete stadium are still under a dollar, and tickets for field seats can be purchased for season use.

The same date of June 21 marks the opening of the Dell concerts (as residents of favored Philadelphia refer to the area of Fairmount Park formally known as Robin Hood Dell) where the fine Philadelphia Orchestra—minus a few first-desk men—performs with celebrated soloists, but with no charge to the listener. This remarkable result is accomplished by an underwriting in part from the city of Philadelphia, in part by business organizations which receive, in exchange, tickets for distribution to their employes. (A section of the field is reserved for patrons who make substantial contributions in return for season tickets.) By eliminating advertising and the cost of selling tickets, the ingenious Frederick Mann has brought a deficitless enterprise to fruition without cost to the public.

ALSO outdoors, within a great American city, is the series in Grant Park, Chicago, on the shores of Lake Michigan, which begins on June 23 and continues on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays through August 15. In this same portion of the summer, Detroit has a pops concert series beginning on June 14, and Miami has a similar sequence beginning on June 20. In Ashland, Kentucky, the annual Folk Song Festival takes place on June 13, and in North Carolina there will be "Singing on the Mountain" at Linville on June 27. Westerly, the Pacific Coast Festival opens in Santa Barbara on June 24, continuing until July 4. On the outskirts of Chicago is Ravinia Park, which resumes its long history of musical entertainment on June 28. And right in the heart of Cincinnati, Ohio, is the Zoo, where they may have to stop rehearsals of the famous opera series when a temperamental chimp is being fed, but where they

(*Continued on page* 52)

MUSIC IN THE LAND

1 TANGLEWOOD, MASS.
2 JACOBS PILLOW, LEE, MASS.
3 FALLS VILLAGE, CONN.
4 ROCHESTER, N.Y.
5 CHAUTAUQUA, N.Y.
6 NEW YORK, N.Y.
7 BETHLEHEM, PA.
8 TAMIMENT, PA.
9 PHILADELPHIA, PA.
10 BREVARD, N.C.
11 ANN ARBOR, MICH.
12 CINCINNATI, O.
13 CHICAGO, ILL.
14 ST. LOUIS, MO.
15 ASPEN, COLO.
16 DENVER, COLO.
17 STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLO.
18 SAN DIEGO, CAL.
19 HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
20 SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
21 CARMEL, CAL.

DRAMA IN THE LAND

1 SWANZEY, N.H.
2 OGUNQUIT, ME.
3 DENNIS, MASS.
4 WESTPORT, CONN.
5 JONES BEACH, N.Y.
6 MOYLAN, PA.
7 TAMIMENT, PA.
8 CLEVELAND, O.
9 YELLOW SPRINGS, O.
10 ABINGDON, VA.
11 LYNCHBURG, VA.
12 WILLIAMSBURG, VA.
13 FAYETTEVILLE, N.C.
14 GASTONIA, N.C.
15 MANTEO, N.C.
16 ATLANTA, GA.
17 LAKE WALES, FLA.
18 LOUISVILLE, KY.
19 ST. LOUIS, MO.
20 FISH CREEK, WIS.
21 EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.
22 KANSAS CITY, MO.
23 HOUSTON, TEX.
24 DALLAS, TEX.
25 SPEARFISH, S.D.
26 ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.
27 CRIPPLE CREEK, COLO.
28 CENTRAL CITY, COLO.
29 VIRGINIA CITY, MONT.
30 TUCSON, ARIZ.
31 SAN DIEGO, CAL.
32 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
33 ASHLAND, ORE.

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Not Just for the Birds

By HORACE SUTTON

SOME weeks back, while trying to escape a spell of weather that was mistaking New York for Nome, I found myself, through a succession of reasons with which I shan't tire you, in the sub-lobby arcade of the McAllister Hotel in Miami, Florida.

Among the emporia doing business in that tidy locale is the local headquarters of the National Audubon Society, a group which among many other useful endeavors organizes bird tours hither and yon. Now, as habitues of this space have come to know, I would have the devil's own time delineating a robin from a Super Constellation, much less a blue-gray gnatcatcher from a boat-tailed grackle. It was, moreover, no tonic to my self-assurance when the early bird-watchers began arriving—two spinsters in blue jeans, old shirts, and crew hats, brim turned down in front, up in back, and fastened by large hatpins to their gray buns; a gentleman with a long spyglass which I have seen used by engineers and artillerists; a gentleman in a tweed cap and a Leica with a lens like an anteater, and what he assured me was $800's worth of equipment.

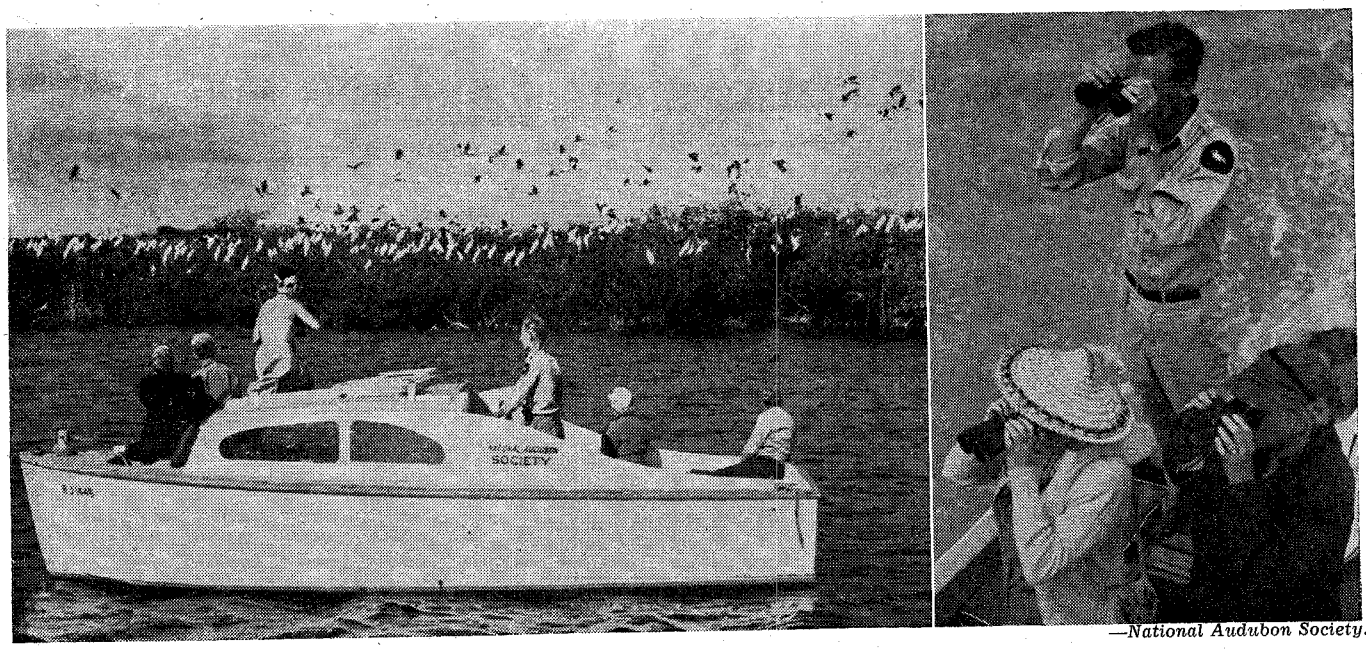
We were all given a check list of South Florida Birds from ani (smooth-billed) to yellow-throat and loaded into a caravan of three station wagons each driven by a knowledgeable bird man from the Audubon Society.

The conductor of our wagon proved to be Mr. Charles Brookfield, the society's chief representative in South Florida, and by half-past nine, as we rolled through the great flat farmlands south of Miami, he had gotten us a marsh hawk (white rump), a killdeer, a meadowlark, and a loggerhead shrike. "If there were no birds, man could get by for three weeks, then the insects would take over and we would be in a pinch for food," said Mr. Brookfield as he spotted a female marsh hawk from a hundred feet off. "Females take over the best eating grounds and males have to bat their heads in the pine groves," he said bitterly and parenthetically.

In an hour we had chalked off a kingfisher, a water turkey sitting in a tree, and a Louisiana heron in a marsh. The tempo was mounting and as we swung into Everglades National Park it had been fanned to a fine glow. Bird-watchers from all three wagons got out and tiptoed along a catwalk to the edge of a water-lily patch. Well, sir, it was like Burt Lancaster giving orders at Pearl Harbor when those Jap planes came over, only here it was birds and a guide from another wagon, name of Hank. "There's a Louisiana heron just flew over the pond," said Hank excitedly. "There are two gallinules, red and yellow beak, blue body, walking on the leaves." The heads swung down. "There's a turkey vulture flying overhead." The heads tilted up. "Oh, look at the purple gallinule sitting up in the willow tree. Listen! There's a limpkin," cried Hank. Then he called in a falsetto, "Here, here!" Having no success in luring the limpkin into range he slipped back into normal key. "Say, there's a pied-billed grebe. Oh, here comes a white ibis." I retired towards the wagon to let my auricle catch up with my ventricle, and there at the head of the catwalk I found an alligator sitting in the sun, and a sign. The sign said, "Fishing within one mile of Royal Palm Ranger Station is reserved for the birds." The alligator didn't say anything.

THAT afternoon we took boats out onto East Lake and got our first look at a raft of coots who grow so fat living the good Florida life that they can barely fly and are reduced to walking on water. And we watched an eagle making what O. Hammerstein has so deftly described as "lazy circles in the sky," while deciding whether to descend and make lunch of one stray coot that had become separated from the raft. The eagle dipped and whirled, but the coot made a successful dash for a bank of reeds and lived a coot's life for at least another day.

And then suddenly Charlie Brookfield, who was at the helm, swung our boat towards shore, and somehow picked out a narrow passageway all but overrun by mangrove trees. We were making for Cuthbert Lake, he said, down a creek that had been sought for years by an old plume hunter named John Cuthbert. One day in 1882 Cuthbert had seen a feather floating out of the mangrove



—*National Audubon Society.*

Guides and birdwatchers at Cuthbert Rookery—"at century's turn, raids, plume hunters, and murder."

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creek and into the big East Lake, from which we had come. He knew that there must be a rookery on the other side, a rookery probably on an island, for if it was on land the raccoons would get to it and eat the eggs. The raccoons could navigate the water, but they wouldn't dare because of the alligators.

Cuthbert pushed his boat up the creek and soon burst, as indeed we did a few minutes later, upon what is now Cuthbert Lake. Down at the end was an island looking as if it had just been delivered of a snowfall. It was covered with American egrets and snowy egrets, white ibis and wood ibis, all gaily plumed in their best feathers, which they grow only in the nesting season. They were busy flying to the mainland for food and returning to feed it to the young birds who squealed in the nests. We circled quietly in our boat, keeping a respectful distance, but back at the century's turn Cuthbert was more than just a bird-watcher. He was a hunter and he had come to the rookery for bird feathers. He raided the rookery of thousands of plumes which could be sold for anywhere from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter a scalp. Each scalp held some forty plumes.

Cuthbert got rich. Also, he got drunk. Other plume hunters pumped him relentlessly for the source of his great kill. Finally they got it from him, and from Jacksonville rival gangs of plume hunters set out for the rookery. They met on Cuthbert Lake in sight of the nesting birds and they shot it out among themselves for the right to raid the rookery.

By 1905 the Audubon Society had bought a fast launch and hired a stout-hearted thirty-five-year-old warden named Guy Bradley to enforce a law which prohibited the killing of birds for egret feathers. On July 8 of that year Bradley rode out into Florida Bay to arrest a plume hunter. As he came up to a schooner which harbored his suspect Bradley was shot dead. His boat with his lifeless body was set adrift in the Florida sun. He left a wife and two children.

Although the Audubon Plumage Bill had passed the Florida legislature in 1901, it took nine years before a similar bill went through the New York State legislature. At its height the feather merchants had shipped 130,000 Florida birds in one year, and in the same period one firm sold $200,000's worth of egret feathers to the millinery market in New York.

We spent the night in a motel at Tavernier on Key Largo. Before the bird-watchers packed off to bed they compared notes and toted up their check lists. I asked a lady who wore a silver Canadian goose as a brooch how she had enjoyed the day and she said, "Got sixty today, what did you have? Best day ever was the time we got 105 in California." Her husband, the man with the artillerist's spyglass, came up and said, "Pros have had 200 in a day, but they go out at night and count hoot owls by sound. They visit ocean habitat, lake habitat, and river habitat all in one day."

THE next morning found the two ladies in blue jeans and crew hats perched up on stools at the corner drugstore. They ordered cereal and reinforced it with handfuls of wheat germ scooped from a secret bin in their handbags. We all boarded a larger cruiser tied up at a dock beside the motel and chugged out into Florida Bay in search of roseate spoonbills. I climbed up on the roof of the main cabin to get the sun and was shortly joined by one of the blue-jean ladies and the gentleman with the anteater Leica. Blue jeans looked over her rimless glasses at Leica and said, "I worked around New York for a long time but now I'm out of Chicago. We used to work Central Park, and you would be surprised how many you would turn up. We'd have twenty or thirty on the list in a short walk. I belong to the bird club out in Chicago. In migratory season we have field trips twice a week. Ooooh, there goes a cormorant. Well, one day we were out in the car just cruising around to see what we could see and we found a whole group of gray plovers sitting in a mud flat."

Suddenly Hank's voice came bouncing up from the bow. "There's some black-bellied plovers flying there!" Everyone got up and threw glasses to eyes.

Leica turned to Blue jeans. "Well, we don't get any migratory birds at all up in our location," he said when everyone had settled from the black-bellied plovers. "Oh, we have robins, but we don't go out to look at robins. They're with us all the time."

Now the sun beat down and the boat glided among the mangrove trees and around the sandbars in that huddle of water between the string of the Keys and the southern tip of Florida. People said:

"I think I saw a greater yellow leg."

"There's a reddish egret flying over there."

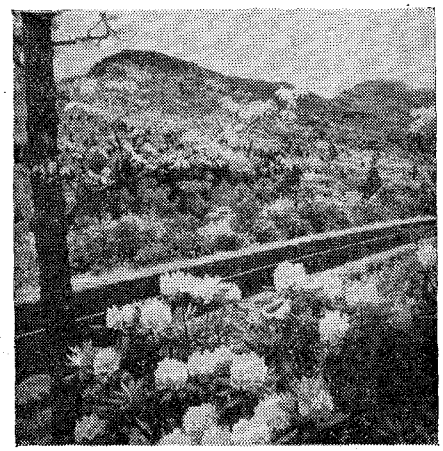
"Oh, that's what I want to see."

Then Leica was on his feet, his glasses were up to his eyes. "I see a bald eagle," he said hoarsely. "Isn't he a dandy? The captain's going to swing the boat around. Oh, isn't that nice?"

Hank: "Here comes a reddish egret flying over the water. There's an osprey. A fish hawk, on the branch out there."

Leica: "Oh, he's a dandy too. He is

GLORIOUS SEASON
in the friendly mountains
of North Carolina



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giving us a good view, isn't he?"

I looked back to the eagle. Through my glasses I saw him clearly, sitting there as if he were posing for an artist from the Mint. I looked over at Leica, who had sat down and was mopping his brow. "I consider that the treat of the trip," he said, somewhat shaken.

Down below, Canadian goose brooch was in an intramural fight with her husband. He was saying, "You can't teach me any new names for these birds. I've been birding too long. We know there are dowitchers out there. Let's look at what we can identify." He turned to the skipper. "She's looking two miles ahead, we'll get those later." "Now my birds are gone and we didn't identify them," his wife moaned. Said he, "If they won't wait for us, it's just too bad." The skipper yelled back to Hank, "We got to go over and look over these herons, Mrs. R. is in a lather."

While we swung off course Hank Bennett told me that when the Cuthbert Rookery and Florida Bay trips are over, the end of April, he becomes a wild-life warden at Duck Rock Island, a five-and-a-half acre white ibis roost that is home to 100,000 marsh birds. He lives on a twenty-one-foot boat from May to October, which includes the hurricane season, and twice a week goes over to Everglades City, a fishing town of 500, for food and mail. "Natives still eat white ibis," he said. "I guard one rookery. If birds get shot up somewhere else, they come over to my island, find they have a good night and they come back." The Society also runs two-day tours to Duck Rock through the end of July especially to watch the evening flight when endless waves of white ibis, herons, egrets, and roseate spoonbills sail in for a quiet night on Hank's island.

As we talked, our boat had found an inland waterway. We sailed between mangrove islands, past an old shrimper with its long rigid nets pulled up like folded wings. Roseate spoonbills were floating like pink streaks towards their nesting young. A delicate man-of-war bird circled overhead. A cloud made a dark shadow on the bay. And way off in the blue there were vapor trails behind the distant speck of a plane. Charlie Brookfield glinted up at it. "Gas hawk," he said. Then the boat pulled into the dock, and as we stood there waiting for the ropes to be made fast one blue jean said to the other, "Got everyone on the list." "So'd I," said her companion, and she pulled out the hatpin, straightened her crew hat, and stuck the pin in again, running it through the bun and back through the hat until she had made several little stitches.

New York, *C'est Formidable!*

By ART BUCHWALD

MONSIEUR François De Paul,
235 Rue Faubourg St. Honoré,
Paris, France.

Dear François,

And so I have arrived in New York and am writing to you as you requested. My dear friend, New York is formidable. It is much larger than either one of us expected and the movies do not do it justice. I have had many adventures but I do not know where to begin. When I first arrived at Idlewild airport I changed my francs into dollars at the official rate as I feared to get involved in the black market so early on my arrival.

Then I took a taxi into New York City making sure to check the meter as you advised me to do. The driver was very talkative and as soon as we started moving he said to me:

"What do you think the Dodgers will do this year?"

I told him I knew of no dodgers and he was very surprised. I explained I lived in France and he said. "Okay, we'll talk about France."

He knew everything about France. He said France had too many political parties and he was getting sick of having his money poured down the sewers of Europe, whatever that means. He said the trouble with the French is that they are always making love and sitting at sidewalk cafes and they never get down to work. He also told me his brother-in-law was in France for three months during the war, and his brother-in-law told him the French weren't serious people.

When we arrived at my hotel he told me that everyone gives him a dollar tip from the airport. I gave it to him but he did not say thank you. I discovered later that it is forbidden for a taxi driver in New York City to say thank you to his customers.

My hotel is located in the province of Manhattan. New York is divided into five provinces. There is the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island, and Manhattan, where the seat of the government is. Most of the people in New York take the *métro* from the other provinces to go to work in Manhattan, where the Bourse is located.

But there is no *métro* connection with Staten Island and these people have to take a boat every morning and every evening. I understand that Staten Island is very primitive and has a Wild West atmosphere. I plan to go there if I can find a reliable guide.

New Yorkers have so many strange habits. You will be amused to hear that they eat enormous breakfasts including thick oats, strange wheat kernels, eggs, ham, bacon, large crepes called pancakes, and they put a thick sweet syrup on them. The coffee is just terrible and I would give anything for a good café filtre. I have also been unsuccessful in getting a brioche, but I was surprised to find things named after France that we do not have there. To name a few, French cruellers, French toast, French dressing, and French bread (which has no resemblance to our bread at all).

Although they eat grand breakfasts they have hardly any lunch at all and the people eat in pharmacies. I don't think they take more than thirty minutes for lunch and it is criminal to see them shove the food in their mouths. It was only after I ate some pharmacy foods that I understood why they eat that way. It's better if you don't taste the food. You may not believe this, François, but I saw people drinking milk with their entrée. The first time I saw it I became sick, but now I am getting used to it.

The buildings in New York are almost as high as the Eiffel Tower but except for Central Park there are no trees or grass to be seen anywhere. The elevators work both ways and you don't have to walk downstairs as you do in Paris.

There are, unfortunately, no sidewalk cafés in New York and everyone must sit in dark drab bars if they wish to drink. The bars are very busy around 5:30 in the afternoon and people drink very fast and very much. Dinner is at 6:30, if that is not a laugh, but by then everyone is so drunk they do not know what they are eating anyway.

The theatre is very good in New York and I saw two plays. One is called "Tea and Sympathy" and it is about a boy who is trying to prove he is not a homosexual. The other based on Gide is called "The Immoralist" and is about a man who is trying to prove he is one. So you see Broadway gives you both sides of every story.

A funny thing happened—someone, a lady, called me up one day and asked me to come on her television

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program and tell her all about France.

I went on like she wanted me to. The first question she asked me was "Will the French fight?" I do not remember what I answered but it made no difference because her second question was, "Why are all you Frenchmen Communists?" I said we weren't all Communists and she said that is not what she read in the papers. Then she said, "Why are prices so high in Paris?" but before I could answer she said, "And now let's hear from the sponsor." But there was no sponsor so she had to make the publicity herself. She was making publicity for a seasoning and she said it was the best seasoning you could buy anywhere. Then she asked me if the French used this seasoning and I said they did not, and so she said. "Well, if they did their food would taste much better." This is the truth, François, I swear it.

After the publicity she asked me what I thought of American women and I said they had very nice legs but they all looked alike. She did not like this and said American women are very beautiful, particularly those that used a certain kind of soap which she held up in her hand. She promised all the women in the audience that if they used the soap twice a day they would be loved by men. This is the truth, François. Then she asked me what I thought of American men and I said they were very nice. And she said the reason they were nice is because they drank fruit juice in the morning, and she held up a can of a certain kind of fruit juice and said that angry men become happy men when they drink this certain kind of fruit juice. She gave me a can of it and said, "And even Frenchmen like fruit juice, don't they?" I had to say yes.

Before the program was over I admitted that French floors would look better if they had a certain kind of house wax, that a certain California wine was as good as wines we have in France, that French couturiers received their inspiration from American fabrics, and that the French had no refrigerators to compare with one the lady commentator showed me. The program was over and they asked me to leave the studio immediately as they had to prepare for another show. I guess I did not leave fast enough because as I was looking for my coat two guards grabbed me by the arms and showed me to the door. I never found out the lady's name.

That is all, François. I wish I could tell you more about New York, but I'm sure you would not believe me anyway.

My affectionate sentiments,
Pierre

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The Mystique of the Desert

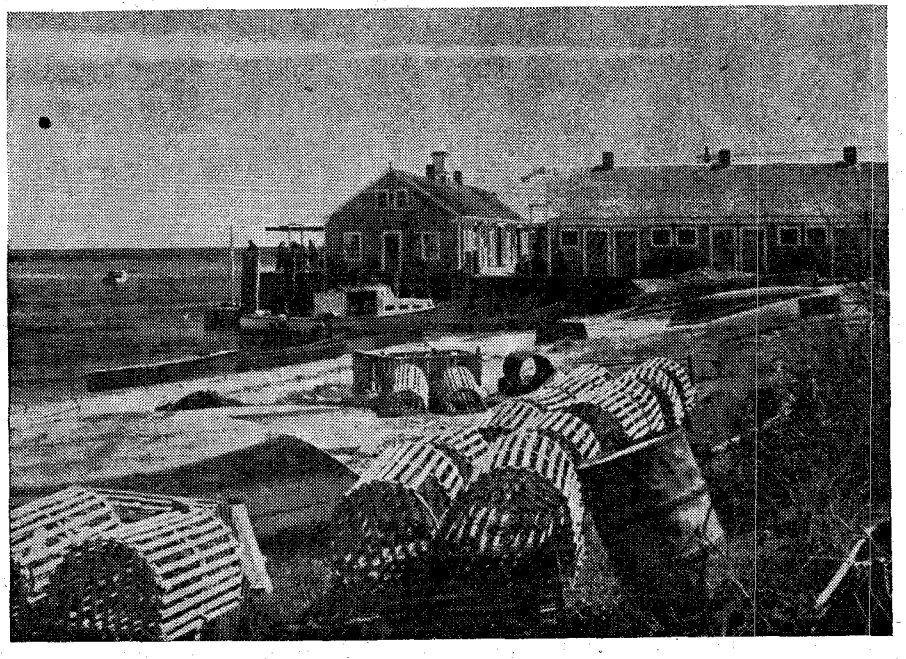
By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A FEW weeks ago a Tucson boy who had gone away and made good revisited his home town. "Nothing," he told its citizens, "can stop your growth." And since his name was Zeckendorf he was probably right.

Unfortunately, however, that means something else. It means that sooner or later there won't be much left except the justly famous climate to distinguish Tucson from any other American city. Factories, automobiles, busy people hurrying home from work look much the same everywhere. And they get to feel much the same as well.

For the present, however, there are still a good many good things left—including, first of all, that luxury which is becoming the scarcest on earth, namely space. There is space to build a house in, space to move around in, places to go where twenty other people don't want to be at the same moment you do. And it is not merely space, either. It is space of which you are constantly aware because you can nearly always see miles of it; space as beautiful in its own special way as any on earth. There are plains and mountains and canyons and desert, none of which, at least until now, has seemed good for anything except to be in and look at.

You can, to be sure, raise cattle in favorable areas, but in country like this cows can't be crowded. Spread them out as you must one to twenty or thirty acres and a Hereford or a Brahman is only a pleasant surprise to come upon now and then. Technology seems to be determined to change all that and to defeat the purpose of Nature, who must have said to herself when she created the land, "This at least can never be crowded." But the present is as agreeable as the future looks ominous and if twenty years may spoil Tucson it will probably take a hundred to destroy what is unique in the whole Southwest.



—Photograph by Samuel Chamberlain, from "Cape Cod."

NEW ENGLAND: "The sense as of absent things in other summer-times, golden afternoons that referred themselves for their character simply to sandy roads and primitive 'farms,' crooked inlets of mild sea and, at the richest, large possibilities of worked cranberry-swamp . . .—the presence of an *unreasoned* appeal, in nature, to the sense of beauty, the appeal on a basis of items that failed somehow, count and recount them as one would, to justify the effect and make up the precious sum."

—HENRY JAMES, "THE AMERICAN SCENE."

More cosmopolitan than most of the lesser known towns, less lavish than Phoenix, and not quite so arty as Santa Fe, Tucson is still, as of 1954, perhaps the pleasantest place in the whole region for those who want isolation when they want it and yet to have company within reach.

Because the climate has a magical effect upon asthma and arthritis there is a large temporary and a large permanent group composed of people from every region and every class, so that the diversity of interests is greater than in any but a very few other American cities of its size. And partly no doubt for that reason there are more "cultural activities" than one would expect in a community no larger than Tucson. The student will find an excellent University library as well as the local Carnegie. The professional theatre is practically nonexistent, but very active and competent amateur groups are busy both in the University and out of it. In addition to the local symphony there are at least six or eight major concerts by first-class organizations during the year—including four sponsored by the chamber-music society, whose faithful audience of six hundred is larger than most performers of chamber music can count on in New York. Within the last few weeks an F.M. station devoted exclusively to serious music has begun operations.

TO SOME of us who have come to settle here for good it is, nevertheless, still the country itself which is most completely *sui generis* and still means the most. Just how many of us there are to whom both the obvious physical delights of spacious living and what I can only call the *mystique* of the desert are of primary importance I do not know. But I suspect that at least as a secondary factor even the *mystique* is more important to many than they quite realize. They absorb something of which they are only vaguely aware and it is something which, once they have sensed it, they do not willingly give up.

The most materialistic of historians do not deny the influence upon a people of the land on which they live. Perhaps no fact about the American people is more important than the fact that their continent is large enough and varied enough to speak with many voices—of the mountains, of the plains, of the valleys, and of the seashore. Because Americans have listened to all these voices, the national character has had many aspects and developed in many different directions. But the voice of the desert is the one which has been least often heard though, to mankind as a whole, no other voice has spoken more per-

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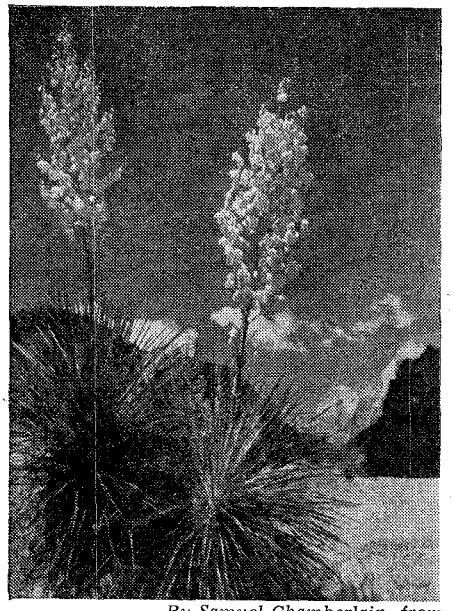

—By Samuel Chamberlain, from "Fair Is Our Land."

The yucca—"magical climate."

suasively. To the Hebrews it spoke of God and one of the most powerful of all religions was born. To the Arabs it spoke of the stars and astronomy came into being. To Americans, so often criticized as too practical and too extroverted, it may still have something to say.

TO THOSE who do listen the desert speaks with an emphasis of its own. The valleys and the plains invited to action and suggested limitless opportunity, exhaustless resources. The implications of the desert are—or at least were until industry began to cast its eye upon it—quite different. It is more likely to provoke awe than to invite conquest. The heroism which it encourages is the heroism of endurance, not of conquest. In more senses than one, it suggests a last frontier. It tends to bring man up against his limitations, to turn him inward upon himself.

I am not suggesting that everyone should listen to the voice of the desert and to no other. For a nation which believes, perhaps quite rightly, that it has many more conquests yet to make, that voice may preach a doctrine too close to quietism. But to go "up to the mountains" or "into the desert" has become part of the symbolic language and the phrases are also more than merely symbols. If it is good for everybody to make occasionally what the religious call "a retreat" there is no better place than the desert to make it. And I for one hope that it is for this use rather than for any other that some part of the Southwest will be reserved for a long time to come. To many Americans what it has to say may be vastly more important than anything "progress" could bring to it.

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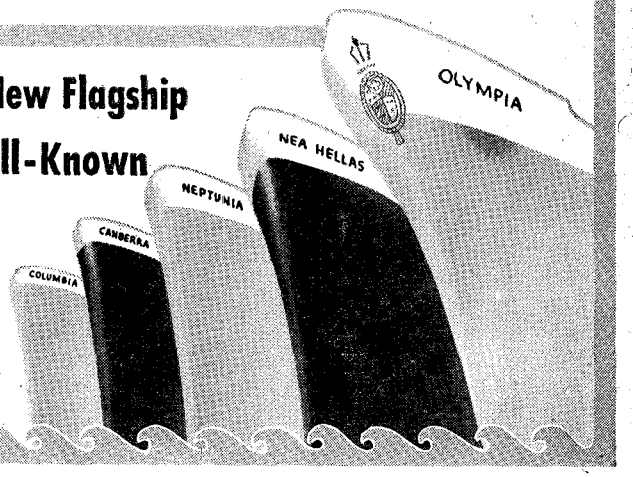

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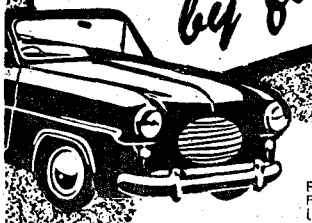

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The U.S.A. in Books

WASHINGTON, D.C.: "The White House," by Jane and Burt McConnell (Studio-Crowell, $3.95), is a chatty history and description of our Presidential mansion by two authors who have written on the subject before. The McConnells here recount some of the famous historical incidents connected with the White House, describe the appearance and contents of the building—the precious collections of antique furniture, paintings, china, and other souvenirs of past Administrations—and discuss the recently concluded restorations, including the addition of the new balcony. The eighty large pages include a good many photographs and illustrations of interiors, exteriors, and contents, including some of the famous paintings of the Presidents. This is a handy volume for tourists to take along.

—William Murray.

NEW ENGLAND: Hazel Young, whose previous literary activity had been confined to authorship of three successful cook books, is responsible for a pleasant new volume on the **"Islands of New England"** (Little, Brown, $3.95). Island by island Miss Young whisks us down the New England coastline from Eastport to Block Island, happily and rather carelessly mingling anecdote and observation, description and narrative, fact and fancy as she goes. There are tales of islands that inspired Longfellow, Hawthorne, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Celia Thaxter, as well as of others that no one but Miss Young, I am sure, has ever visited. Four years were spent in gathering material for this book. I am happy to say it is both entertaining and informative. —W. M.

THE AMERICAN PAST: "A Visual History of the United States" (Abelard-Schuman, $5) is an unusual publishing venture very much in line with current educational trends towards visualization of the school textbook. The novelty of this approach lies in the book's use of about 100 pictographs, pictorial maps, visual diagrams, and graphic stories to point up the important trends discussed in the 75,000-word text, written by Professor Harold U. Faulkner of Smith College. A pictograph, by the way, is a statistical chart made more attractive and readily comprehensible by the use of pictorial symbols and color. All the pictorial work here was turned out by the Graphics Institute, old hands at this sort of thing, and a very impressive job it is, too. I must admit that my initial reaction to this volume was a hostile one, if only because complete reliance on visualization certainly tends to oversimplify what is after all very complex material. Let us acknowledge, however, that there is some value in the format, especially as a reference tool: the handy statistics are right there under your eyes—no need to fumble through indexes and appendices. Such a volume should not be used as a substitute for a detailed written text by an historian of the first rank, but I am sure it was not intended to be. The lazy, the hurried, and the harried, all those people who barely have time to glance at a chart but wish to seem well-informed, will also find this book essential. —W. M.

FLORIDA: If you are thinking of retiring and don't want to "cling to a life of dwindling interest in a spot determined by accident of birth or pressure of earning a living," then **"How to Retire to Florida,"** by George and Jane Dusenbury (Harper, $2.75), could be a useful book. The new third revised edition includes the latest information on real-estate conditions and cost-of-living figures, plus every conceivable specific suggestion concerning where and how to live in all parts of the state. —W. M.

"NORTH CAROLINA" by Hugh Talmage Lefler and Albert Ray Newsome (University of North Carolina Press, $7.50), is a more or less official history of that state. Official histories have a tendency to be lengthy, and "North Carolina" with its 592 pages of text and its extensive appendices is no exception. It is, nevertheless, surprisingly readable and commendably detached in its viewpoint. There has been no attempt either to "debunk" history or to view it through rose-colored glasses. The authors have

—From "Islands of New England."

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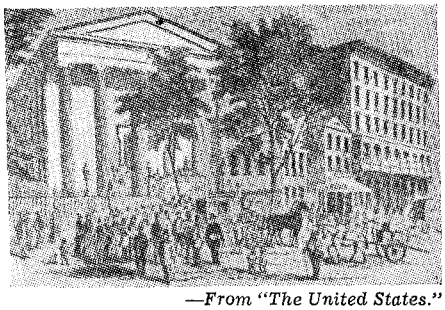

—From "The United States."

done their state a valuable service. It is too bad there are no illustrations of any kind. —W. M.

OHIO: Two Ohio State University professors, Eugene H. Roseboom and Francis P. Weisenburger, have collaborated on **"A History of Ohio"** (Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, $6.50), an expanded and revised edition of the volume they first published in 1934. The text is fairly comprehensive without being pedantic and every effort has been made to interest the casual as well as the scholarly reader. The two-column format permits the inclusion of some 300 illustrations that admirably complement the text. —W. M.

THE U.S.A.: ITS PEOPLE: Rom Landau is a cultivated and well-traveled English gentleman, a leading authority on Moroccan affairs, and the author of some thirty books of art criticism, fiction, biography, world affairs, philosophy, and religion. During the winter of 1952-1953 he revisited the U.S. in order to attend the United Nations Moroccan debates and to teach for a term at the American Academy of Asian Studies in San Francisco. He also lectured all over the land, met and talked to hundreds of Americans of varied ages and interests. The result, of course, had to be a book about America. It is entitled **"Among the Americans"** (British Book Centre, $4.50) and it is somewhat more successful than the usual glib attempts of visiting foreign journalists who spend a few weeks in New York and Washington before setting out to write *the* book that will explain all the American mysteries and paradoxes. Mr. Landau does his best to avoid sweeping generalizations and sticks mainly to observations based upon personal experience. He does say, however, that all Americans keep the radio going full blast all day long and that "Mum" (I hope he means "Mom") is worshiped by all American men. He also states that even on elegant upper Fifth Avenue American men often go tieless to the dinner table. "Among the Americans" is an entertaining book, but like most of his predecessors Mr. Landau occasionally trips. —W. M.

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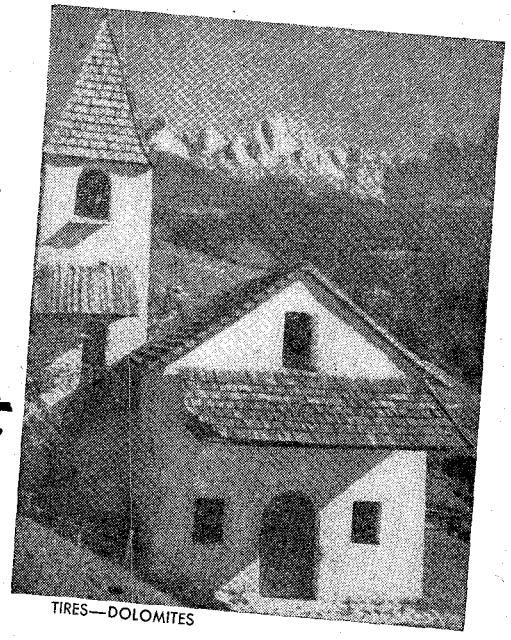

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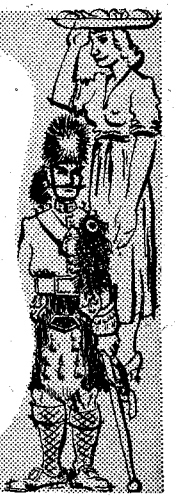

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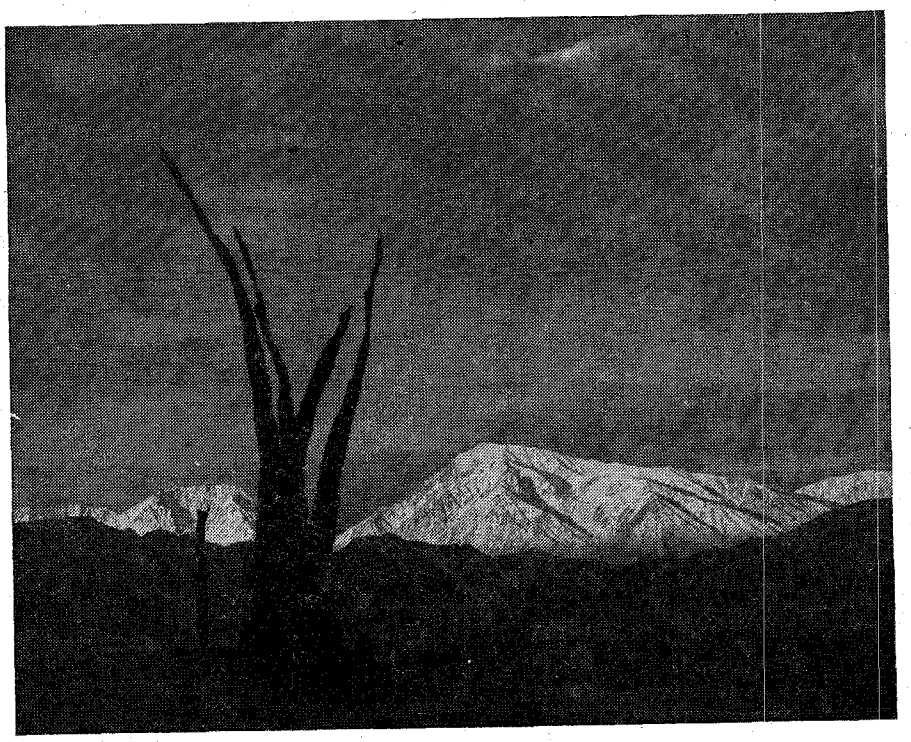

—Photograph by Ansel Adams, from "Land of Little Rain."

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—EDITH BUSBY.

Music in the Land

Continued from page 41

manage, nevertheless, to produce decidedly listenable opera beginning on June 27 and continuing nightly (except Mondays) through July 31.

If you want to get out of the city when the sun starts beating down, there is a happy answer on either side of the continent when June is turning to July. On the East Coast, of course, the most attractive sonic shelter is beside the Stockbridge Bowl, the cooling lake in the Berkshires whose rising shores provide the area where the Tanglewood Shed and Theatre-Concert Hall accommodate the summer activities of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This year's activities introduce a new pattern under the direction of Charles Munch. Instead of the customary sequence, during most of July, of chamber orchestra concerts in the smaller Theatre-Concert Hall, followed by a "big" series in the Shed, the two will run concurrently, with Friday nights set aside for the more intimate activity, and Saturdays and Sundays from early July to August 15 providing the full orchestra in a repertory largely concerned with the Berlioz anniversary. Such rarely heard works as the "Damnation of Faust," the "Requiem," and "Romeo and Juliet" are down for performance, in a once-in-a-lifetime commemoration.

On the other side of the Continental Divide attention gravitates to Aspen, in Colorado, where William Steinberg, music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony, assumes overall responsibilities beginning on June 28. Details are not yet available, but it is a certainty that this energetic musician will make his presence felt. Aspen embodies an educational enterprise as well as activities of a public nature, and its high standards in academic personnel lend considerable prestige to a sound underlying plan.

In the "neighborhood"—as distances are measured in Colorado—are Central City, with its intimate Opera House an hour's drive outside of Denver, and Red Rocks Park, somewhat closer, where the Denver Symphony under the direction of Saul Caston presents a program of summer activity. In the direction of Rocky Mountain National Park is Steamboat Springs, which sponsors a folk-dance festival in August.

Another lake, another "Institute"—one of the oldest, at Chautauqua, New York. Beginning on July 4 and running through August 23, this venture presents symphony, opera, and

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related activities under the direction of Julius Huehn, one-time bass-baritone lead at the Metropolitan Opera. Walter Hendl directs the orchestra. Here the "neighborhood" includes Music Mountain in Falls Village, Connecticut, where the Berkshire String Quartet plays on Sundays in July and August; Pike, New Hampshire, where a Seven Arts Festival is in progress from July 4 to 19; and Bennington, Vermont, where a Composers' Conference will reward attendance during the last two weeks of August.

Obviously this kind of sweeping bird's-eye view must overlook some activities of notable interest unknown to us, but there are certain others known enough not to be overlooked. For example, there is practically no week on the West Coast when some ambitious music-making is not under way, including such a formidable series as the Hollywood Bowl, which will show an imposing series of conductors including the same Sir Adrian Boult, who is noted previously as directing the opening of Stadium series in New York. Down the coast at San Diego, the Summer Symphonies will provide further opportunity for Robert Shaw, the noted choral expert, to explore the symphonic repertory, with activities further north embracing Redlands Bowl, and a Bach festival at Carmel (beginning on July 12). For the late vacationing Easterner who cannot get out "thataway," or free himself from other ties in time to embrace Tanglewood or Chautauqua, North Carolina offers the ninth annual festival at Brevard, beginning on August 13 and continuing on a week-end pattern for the remainder of the month.

One fact is sure; if you are music-minded, there is practically no objective too close or too distant as the focus of a summer trip, assuming you relish travel as well as music. I can guarantee the Berlioz in the Berkshires rather more readily, perhaps, than the opera in Central City, but having seen the line-up of cars on the steep grade beside the opera house of the latter—from every nearby state, indicating that the Continental Divide is much more than a figure of speech—I am prepared to agree that nearness, no less than distance, has its enchantments.

A further word: if you are the least favored of mortals who has to fiddle around at home while others burn at the seaside or in the mountains, do not despair. There is always the Worcester Festival in October, where Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra—who, it seems to me, began this yearly survey in Ann Arbor, Michigan—either end or begin it anew, indoors.

Drama in the Land

Continued from page 40

of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the famous Jesuit mission at St. Ignatius, on Sept. 24, 25, and 26.

While not strictly in the pageant category, an immense spectacle which brings to Americans the play that one once had to journey to Oberammergau to find is Josef Meier's Passion Play. This play, with its stage two-and-a-half blocks wide, winters in Lake Wales, Florida, and returns each summer to its original home at Spearfish in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

When it comes to the more conventional type of play, many organizations find an outdoor Shakespeare festival an obvious and irresistible temptation. While the most distinguished of these is 100 miles the other side of the New York and Michigan border at Stratford, Ontario, the United States can boast the only festival which over a period of summers will present all of the Bard's plays. This is at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, where Arthur Lithgow's 1954 schedule comprises "The Taming of the Shrew" (June 30-July 4), "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (July 7-11), "Romeo and Juliet" (July 14-18), "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (July 21-25), "The Merchant of Venice" (July 28-Aug. 1), "Othello" (Aug. 4-8), and "The Tempest" (Aug. 11-15). From August 16 through September 12 the plays will be performed in true repertory style, so that all seven can be seen in any one-week period.

Another equally famous Shakespearean festival will be held at Ashland, Oregon, where a corps of directors headed by Carnegie Tech's Allen Fletcher will produce "Hamlet," "The Winter's Tale," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Henry VI, Part 2." These will be performed in nightly rotation (Aug. 1-31) so that all the plays can be seen in a four-day stay at Ashland.

Also on the Pacific Coast is the San Diego National Shakespearean festival, where Yale's Frank McMullen and others will stage "Othello," "Twelfth Night," and "The Merchant of Venice" in repertory style at the Old Globe Theatre in Balboa Park (July 23-Sept. 4). San Diego claims that the Old Globe is the only replica in the United States of the London theatre of Shakespeare's day.

In the East there is a good chance of an all-star revival of "Twelfth Night" at the Westport County Playhouse. The proceeds from this performance would go towards the build-

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ing of a new Shakespearean Festival Theatre at Stratford, Connecticut.

Moving into other periods of drama, early vacationers should not forget the annual Greek festival at Randolph-Macon College for Women at Lynchburg, Virginia. On May 15 of this year they will present Aeschylus's "Oresteia." At Cripple Creek, Colorado, the Imperial Hotel will continue its series of nineteenth-century dramas with "The Ticket of Leave Man" (June 19-Sept. 6), and Virginia City and Frontier Town, Montana, will give performances of gold-rush day melodramas. In addition, the University of New Mexico will stage "Faust" as soon as they solve a plumbing problem to permit Mephistopheles to emerge through a blanket of live steam.

TURNING to modern drama, plans for this summer are not sufficiently advanced at this writing for much more than rumor and speculation. Mary Martin is booked to appear in "Peter Pan" at San Francisco's Curran Theatre (July 14-Aug. 14). Colorado's famous Central City Opera House hopes to have "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" as its annual drama presentation (July 31-Aug. 28). On Cape Cod, Pat Butler will do a revival of "Good News" at Falmouth, and Charles Mooney at Dennis wants to do "Double Door" with Mildred Dunnock, "The Guardsmen," and Judith Anderson in a good high comedy. Both the Rochester (New York) and the Washington, (D.C.) Arena Theatres will operate this summer. Rochester is at present seeing Rosemary Casey's new play "Once an Actor," and the Washington theatre is considering a staged reading of Jean-Paul Sartre's voluminous "The Devil and the Almighty God." Margo Jones's "Theatre 54" flourishes till June in Dallas, and the Alley Theatre in Houston goes on through the summer.

Lucile Lortel, whose White Barn Theatre in Westport, Connecticut, is always doing fascinating projects, has plans for a reading of "Nathan the Wise," starring Clarence Derwent, Bill Butler's staging of Giraudoux' "Pour Lucrèce," and a story with music by Igor Stravinsky. Down at Bucks County Playhouse at New Hope, Pennsylvania, Calder Willingham's new play "The Automobile Man" will have its world premiere. At nearby Moylan the Hedgerow Theatre continues its repertory schedule that includes "Heartbreak House," "Ring Round the Moon," and "The Emperor Jones," and is considering the addition of Gorky's "Queer People." Down at Abingdon, Virginia, no traveler should miss Robert Porterfield's Barter Theatre, where farmers trade produce for theatre tickets.

In the Midwest, Basil Rathbone's son Rodion has the Peninsula Theatre at Fish Creek, Wisconsin, which claims to be the oldest summer theatre in the Midwest, and out in Denver is, of course, the pioneer of them all, Elitch Gardens. At the opposite end of the scale is the three-year-young Summerhouse with its quaint adobe theatre in Santa Fe. This summer they will present the American premiere of Emlyn Williams's "Trespass." Some of the attractions that may be touring around this summer include Julie Harris in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," Margaret Truman in "The Velvet Glove," and Charles Coburn, Walter Pidgeon, George Raft, and Eva Gabor, each in plays of their own choosing. If these productions are good they usually are booked at some of the more famous summer playhouses such as the ones at Ogunquit, Me., Newport, Rhode Island, Mountainhome, Pennsylvania, Seacliff, New Jersey, etc.

Since it is the contention of many that the musical comedy is America's most original contribution to the theatre, it is fitting that each summer see an abundant revival of our most celebrated works in that field. In July and August you will find everything from "The Red Mill" to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" playing at music circuses and state and municipal parks. Hyannis, Mass., Lambertville, New Jersey, Cleveland, Louisville, St. Louis, and Kansas City are the best known of these.

Strangely enough, almost no one thinks of trying out a new musical comedy, as they do plays, in one of these places. A shining exception will be "Dolly," a musical by Richard Valente and Richard Berney which will try out in late April at the Tower Theatre in Atlanta.

Of course original, but by no means a tryout, will be Guy Lombardo's production of "Arabian Nights" at the Marine Amphitheatre at Jones Beach, Long Island. This opens with a splash on June 24.

One final event, which is often more genuinely dramatic than most plays you will see, is the Seventh American Dance Festival at New London Connecticut (Aug. 16-23). José Limon, Doris Humphrey, and Valerie Bettis will head the list of participants, and a world premiere of a new work will be presented.

With his own ingenuity the tourist may ferret out such things as Indian tribal dances in Arizona, the Ozark Folk Festival in Eureka Springs, Arkansas (Oct. 11-17), rodeos in Wyoming, and the summer revues at Tamiment, Pa. It is all theatre, and a good part of the pleasure at theatre is in the conditions that attend its discovery

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The Thirty-Day Wonders

Continued from page 39

what matters. And he should see some shows. I suggest he see one first-rate musical. For although Europe waits with baited ear (if that is the word) for the latest news of the activities of Messrs. Berlin, Porter, Rodgers, it is one thing to see a musical in New York and another to see it in Paris or London, just as it is one thing to hear Mozart at Salzburg and another to hear him at Sadler's Wells or even Glyndebourne.

What other cultural institutions should be seen? Hollywood is not what it was, but it is still worthwhile to go there, hoping for a glimpse of Mr. Aldous Huxley or Dr. Edith Sitwell, but settling for Miss Marilyn Monroe. (I won't say which sight will do most for the tourist's prestige at home.) Colleges and universities? It must be one of the state universities of the Middle West, probably it had better be one with natural advantages, Minnesota or Wisconsin. And other sights? Well there is New York, so much a must that you needn't tell the grand tourist. New York is still the only thing of its kind in the world. You needn't worry; they will go there. Washington, too, the White House and the Pentagon, rather than the Capitol. But the old picturesque spots? Boston, which is so English, New Orleans, which is so French? Each can be seen, should be seen as a regional capital, but Boston isn't so English, New Orleans isn't so French as to justify leaving England and France to see them. Williamsburg? No; the historic background, even if it were quite authentic, has little or no resonance. Far better send him to Charlottesville and Charleston. Of course, there are things that might be worked in. There is the Yosemite; there is the Yellowstone; there are the Great Smokies and the White Mountains. There is God's plenty. And for the last, the traveler must visit the drug stores—the cafes, pubs, trattorias, Bierstubes of America. And he should spend one night in a great luxury hotel, use all the towels, all the soap, call room service and reflect that Lord Bristol never had it like this. And as he leaves, after one crowded month of glorious life, he should return to Europe dreaming of the spots where he has been, those where he hasn't been yet.

For if his tour has been well planned and well executed, he will not be content with one grand tour. He will want to come back. And next time he can bring a notebook.

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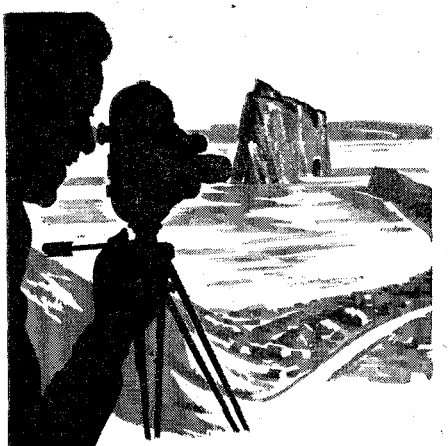

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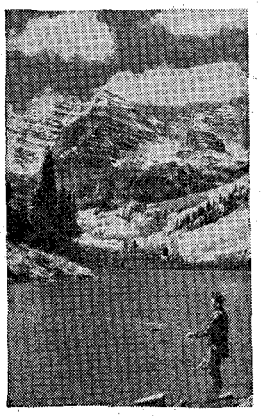

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Millions for the Millions

Continued from page 12

tory. About six million persons have visited Williamsburg since the restoration, and quite a few of them have taken the trouble to drop thank-you notes to Mr. Junior for his fifty-million-dollar philanthropy. All have received replies, according to the usually reliable sources. Williamsburg is possibly Mr. Junior's pet project; he spends a couple of months a year there—one in the spring, the other in the fall.

If it was not on the same colossal scale, the Cloisters at Fort Tryon Park was no less a triumph of restoration. Its story goes something like this: Fort Tryon, located in the northern corner of Manhattan, is the highest point of New York City; it is the place where Washington and his troops made their final stand in 1776 before hightailing it across the Hudson to New Jersey. Mr. Junior picked up this plot of greenery and rock ledge around World War I, and, in 1930, he presented all fifty-six acres of it to the city. But he reserved at its summit a four-acre site, a scrap of hilltop which he turned over to the Metropolitan Museum of Art the following year. For the next seven years, along with several other men, Mr. Junior planned a museum to house $600,000's worth of medieval treasures he had purchased in the Twenties from a gentleman who had picked up an astonishing amount of the stuff during a two-decade prowl of Europe. This collector had also brought back some large pieces of abandoned monasteries in Romanesque and Gothic styles. In 1938 Mr. Junior gave the Metropolitan a $2,500,000 finely proportioned set of cloisters in which to display all that medieval handiwork. Its *pièce de résistance* was the Flemish tapestries of the Unicorn Hunt, which even the experts agree are the most superb set of fifteenth-century tapestries on hand anywhere. Mr. Junior reportedly paid $1,100,000 for them. His interest in the Cloisters has been unceasing. One day a couple of years ago he dropped the museum a note saying he had transferred $10,000,000's worth of securities to its account. It was his greatest benefaction to the Cloisters, to date.

Like Fort Tryon Park, the Palisades have always held a fascination for Mr. Junior. He first began admiring them back in horse-and-buggy days when he'd journey down the New York side of the Hudson from the family home at Pocantico Hills near Tarrytown to his office in New York City. For fifteen miles the Palisades leap from the river like an enormous stone wave five-hundred feet high. Shrubbery abounds. All in all it's a lovely piece of nature, exactly the kind on which hot-dog stands bloom. The spanning of the Hudson by the George Washington Bridge in 1931 raised the threat of orchards of stands, etc., and Mr. Junior, who had always intended to protect the scenic beauty of the Palisades anyway, got real busy. He began buying Palisades land; by 1933 he had enough to present 265 acres—more than ten miles long and worth $5,000,000—to the Palisades Interstate Park Commission. The effect of the gift was twofold: it helped preserve the splendor of the Palisades and it hastened construction of parkways in the area.

OVER the years the subject of the genesis of all those benefactions has been a curiously interesting conversation piece. Mr. Senior once said, "God gave me my money." Mr. Senior undoubtedly passed on to Mr. Junior that special Sunday feeling of gratitude for having been chosen comptroller for such a lot of Divine money. Mr. Junior, in those philanthropies closest to his heart, may have felt he was acting in the Ultimate Donor's best interest—by preserving in or returning to their original condition the natural wonders of the universe.

There have been other less abstract, often contradictory, suggestions too. It has been speculated that the Rockefellers made their great donations at those times when Mr. Senior was under severe attack for various operations of Standard Oil. But Professor Allan Nevins, for one, has dismissed that as a worthless indictment. Noting that Mr. Senior had started his philanthropies on a five-cent scale even when he was earning $3.50 a week in his first job, Professor Nevins says in his recently published biography of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.: "He had not waited to become rich before he became generous."

In any case, Jackson Hole, Williamsburg, the Cloisters, the big trees of California, the big cliffs of New Jersey, the Sleepy Hollow lands of New York all represent endeavors rooted in the philosophy of Mr. Junior's philanthropy—nature preservation and history restoration. To Mr. Junior they represent the "lasting gratification" that must permeate every corner of his own benefactions. By coincidence or design Mr. Junior's personal gratifications are also the nation's.

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PERSONALS

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COUPLE Europe-bound; photographer, writer. Will do research, anything, abroad. Box S-319.

IF some new TALENTED fiction writer has no luck, maybe he will rent his brain, imagination for my work. Payment according to ability. Box S-318.

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(*Continued on page 58*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 57)

WILLOWBROOK: Looking for something different to retire? Try the Willowbrook Boarding Home in the Berkshires for retired or elderly ladies. A charming home, modern conveniences. Informal country life. Excellent home cooking. First-class references. For information write Willowbrook Farm, Jones Hollow, Petersburg, N. Y.

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SHARON, CONNECTICUT. Completely furnished, 7 rooms, springs, brook, overlooking Berkshires, 15 acres, guest cottage, barn. $15,000. Colvin, MUrray Hill 7-8346 (NYC).

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ADIRONDACK CAMP, 1½ acres, near river; furnished; living room, dining room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, gas and electricity. $5,000. Box S-343.

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POCONOS: Luxury vacation homes, private 14-acre lake. 3, 4, or 6 bedrooms. Secluded, gardens. $400 monthly. David Mazer, R.D. 3, East Stroudsburg, Pa.

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NEW, modern, facing ocean, Rockport, Mass. Paint, write, loaf. Box S-341.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

ATTRACTIVE house high in Green Mountains near Rochester; mile from Route 100. 6 rooms, 3 bedrooms, bath, electricity, telephone, garage. Beautiful wide views. June 15 through Labor Day; $550. Address: "Simplesage," Rochester, Vermont.

PRIVATE wing charming modernized home on beautiful 325-acre dairy farm, 2000 feet high in Catskills. Suitable for couple wanting quiet country life. Bedroom, living room, piano, good library, bath, kitchenette, porch. 4 hours from New York. $500 season. Mrs. J. E Storey, Huckleberry Hill Farm, Margaretville, New York.

HIGHVIEW, N.Y., Shawangunk Mountains. Physician's summer home. June-September. 64 miles George Washington bridge, 9 from Middletown. Altitude 1,500 feet. Large living room, 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths. Superb view. Lake in vicinity. RHinelander 4-1150 (NYC).

WONDERFUL CONVERTED BARN for summer living. Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania. 5 bedrooms. Sleeping porch. Pool. Children wanted. Season, $700. Box S-321.

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OVERLEA INN and 8 acres land (official Inn for Bennington College). North Bennington, Vermont.

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ATTRACTIVE, quiet, year-around apartment, small kitchen, rural surroundings. Reasonable rent exchange for grounds care. Caroe, R.F.D. #2, Peekskill, New York.

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SUMMER AT Music Inn, Lenox, Massachusetts. Tanglewood next door, and the 6th Jazz Roundtable. See page 32.

LOG CABINS in the pines. Swimming, tennis, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Elevation 2000 feet. Completely surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

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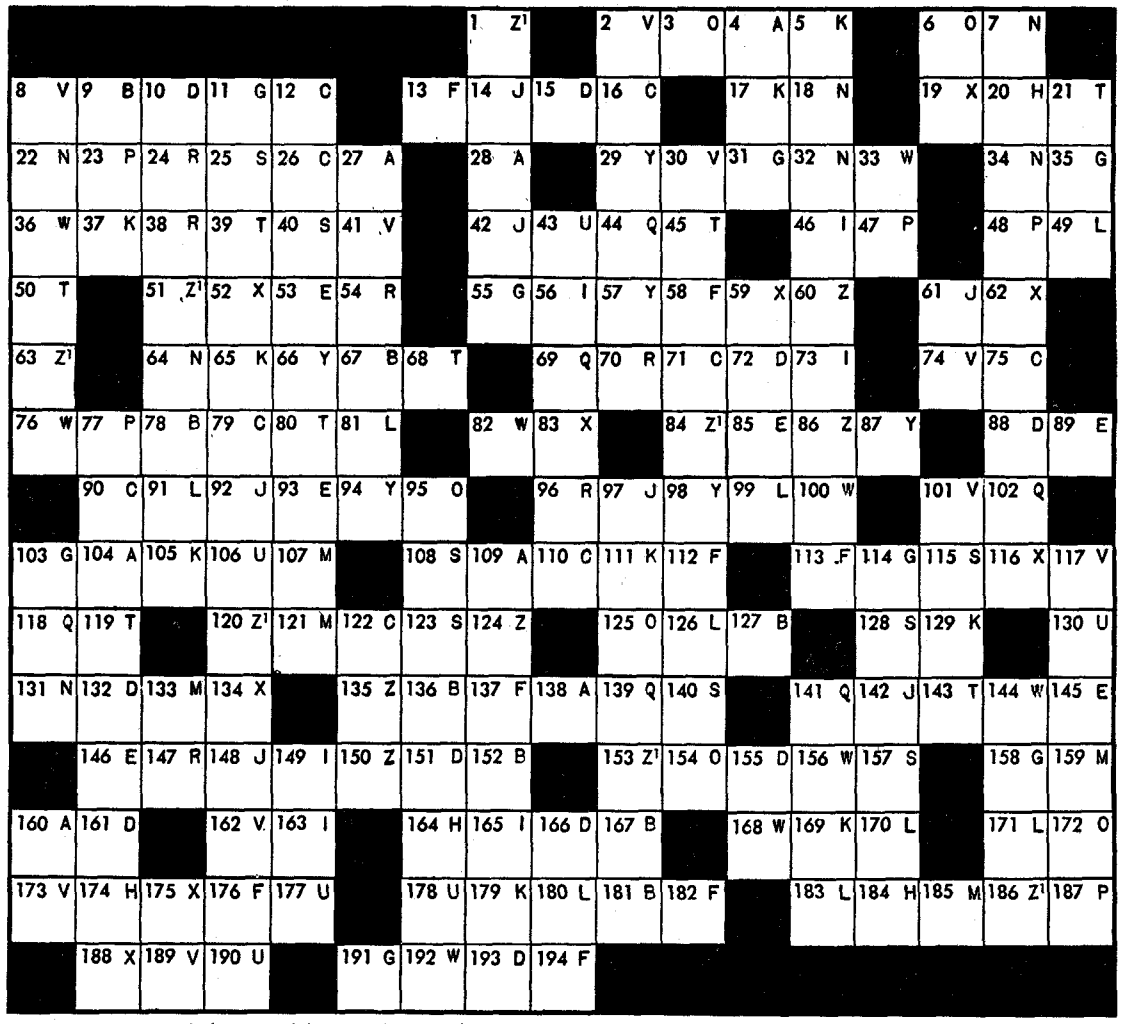
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Jew or Moor in history who professed Christianity to escape persecution.	27 104 109 138 4 160 28
B. Sprang down.	9 127 78 167 136 152 67 181
C. Answer to an answer.	16 75 90 110 122 79 12 26 71
D. First meaning: priceless; second: worthless.	155 166 10 15 193 151 132 88 72 161
E. To make a responsive sound.	85 93 145 146 89 53
F. Persons of noble rank in France.	112 194 113 58 176 182 13 137
G. Appointed governor of Judea by Artaxerxes, 445 B.C.	158 55 191 114 35 11 31 103
H. In India, sambar; in America, wapiti.	20 184 164 174
I. Fashionable.	56 46 73 165 163 149
J. Ear stone of a teleost fish.	142 14 61 42 92 148 97
K. In different circumstances.	17 105 169 37 5 111 65 129 179
L. Fettered anew, as a horse.	99 180 49 91 183 171 126 170 81
M. The spirit which actuates manners and customs.	185 133 121 159 107
N. Figure, esp. as used in writing thorough bass.	32 22 34 18 7 131 64
O. Slang for out of style (2 wds.).	6 172 95 154 125 3
P. Strikes a golf ball so it rises well into the air.	23 77 47 48 187
Q. Meaning of L. in abbreviation L.C.M.	141 44 69 139 102 118
R. One aspect of Porphyry's service to Plotinus.	24 54 147 96 70 38
S. South American rodents related to but larger than the chinchilla.	123 25 128 115 108 157 40 140
T. Pseudonym of Georges Duhamel (1884- —).	21 119 80 143 50 45 39 68
U. Said of currents of air or water: ran contrary to the main current.	106 178 130 43 190 177
V. Undress.	8 101 2 189 117 74 162 41 30 173
W. Thick, loose, double-breasted coat much worn by sailors in cold weather (2 wds.).	36 100 192 76 82 156 33 144 168
X. Among the finest of its kind (3 wds.).	52 62 188 134 116 19 59 175 83
Y. Popular "Field" in Brooklyn.	94 57 29 98 87 66
Z. Heterocera.	60 150 135 124 86
Z1. Small, long-winged, passerine bird.	186 153 63 84 51 1 120



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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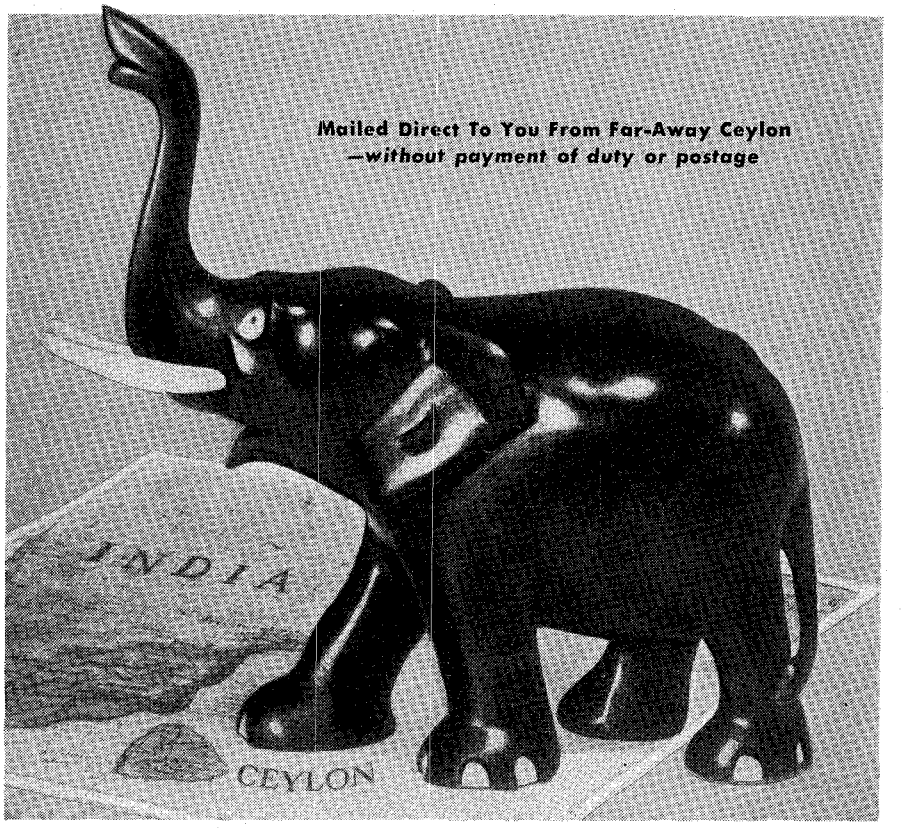

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IN the beginning when the world was young — the story goes — the giant Mammouth ruled the earth. He stood as tall as the tallest tree, and his great tusks were raised high to Heaven. When he walked the jungle paths, the other animals trembled with fear.

But the Mammouth's own size conquered him; his tusks grew so long and became so heavy that he could no longer eat, and so he disappeared from the earth forever. But his grandchild, the modern elephant, is still King of Beasts.

In the Far East, the elephant is revered for his power; in many lands he is a near-deity. But in Ceylon, though the elephant is sacred, he still works for a living, doing the heavy pushing, hauling and carrying in this land of little machinery. He spends his days knee-deep in the marsh and brush, bringing the teak logs out of the jungle.

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